Next Month

HUNGRY

Lauren W. Gilfillan

The second part of this account of adventure among the striking miners of a Pennsylvania coal town tells of the children's crusade to Pittsburgh and what befell them there. The author explains from personal observation the methods by which the Communists are capitalizing on hunger and unemployment in this as well as in many other sections of the country.

WHAT SPAIN REALLY WANTS

Mildred Adams

In the rush of events in other parts of the globe, most of us have made no attempt to keep up with political movements and developments in Spain since the revolution there. This article gives a clear summary of what has happened and what Spain is about.

THIS FUSS ABOUT WOMEN

Elizabeth Morey

How many women do you know who will tell any sympathetic listener of the sacrifices they made for marriage — of the careers they might have had, of the people they might have been, if only . . . ? Here is a sensible article, by a woman, flatly calling their bluff.

HOW MILWAUKEE DOES IT

Ruben Levin

While other cities are bogged in debt, unable to meet payrolls, their funds looted by boodlers, Milwaukee ended the year 1931 with a budget surplus of two millions and a bank balance of three and a half millions. Mr. Levin tells how Milwaukee contrives to eliminate crime, graft, and waste.

THE SMALL TOWN'S CASE AGAINST WALL STREET

A Small Town Banker

A moving account of what happened to the typical American small town when Wall Street's stock and bond salesman descended upon it in 1929, bullied and seduced the local bankers into playing their game, and ruined the local industries and local tradesmen. This is an honest indictment of the system which made such things possible, by one who was a reluctant part of it.

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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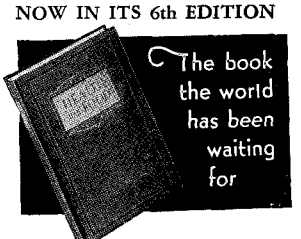

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TOASTS

WILLIAM HARD, for many years a well known Washington correspondent, has more lately made a new reputation for himself as one of the most prominent political radio journalists in the country. Recently he broadcast from Geneva news of the Disarmament Conference. When he is not working for the National Broadcasting Company, Mr. Hard writes for the Consolidated Press Association, and for various magazines. "I talk much with Senator Borah," he says, "and much with President Hoover — and have an economic philosophy of my own which is not that of either of them. I certainly belong to no school of thought here. That's why I had to start a new party in your pages."

JOHN GAVIN began his newspaper career on the local paper of West Rutland, Vermont, where he was born. Thereafter he worked on papers in Montreal, Elizabeth, New Jersey, and New York, and during this period took a year off for a vagabond tour through Mexico, Central America, Texas and California. "It was on this trip," he says, "that a fellow traveler broke the morning calm, just as the sun rose, to remark, 'The brains of this country is riding on its freight trains.'" After war service at Camp Devens, Mr. Gavin held jobs as a re-write man for the *Worcester Telegram*, *Boston American*, and *New York Sun*. He is now free-lancing and living in Yonkers, New York. Mr. Gavin is forty, Irish, and unmarried.

LAUREN W. GILFILLAN was born, she says, in a little house in the slummiest slums of Washington, D. C., where her parents were struggling young social workers. Her childhood was spent on a fruit ranch in Idaho, and since then she has lived in the middle west. After graduating from Smith College in June, 1931, she set out, with something less than five hundred dollars in her pocket, to seek her fortune in New York. As stated in the editorial note preceding her article, she went down to the Pittsburgh coal fields after her failure to get a job.

RALPH E. RENAUD, Assistant Editor of the *New York Evening Post*, has been in newspaper work since the age of sixteen and has held important executive positions on a number of New York papers, including the *Herald Tribune* and *The World*. He is also secretly addicted to the writing of plays and verse, and at one period in his career ran a theatre in Philadelphia.

MARGARET DOTY has worked on a number of Detroit papers and also on the *New York Herald Tribune*. In between times she has had stage experience both here and abroad, where she was educated. She is married, lives in New York, and is at present doing free-lancing. Several of her articles have appeared in THE FORUM.

W. M. KIPLINGER is a reporter who specializes in economic affairs which have governmental angles. He has been in Washington for sixteen years, first as financial writer for the Associated Press, and then as an independent observer and correspondent for business houses and business economists. He is head of an organization which publishes several series of semi-private letters on business and economic developments.

THE ANONYMOUS author of "A Doctor's Advice to His Critics" has had experience in medicine, surgery, pathology, and even psychiatry. His greatest ambition, he says, is to return to the little Southern farm where he was born and take up a simple country practice. If the present economic coma keeps up, he believes that he may get there sooner than he expected.

JAY FRANKLIN, who has official connections in Washington, uses a pen name in order to divest his writings of any taint of propaganda or partisanship. His latest book, published this spring, is a lively election forecast called *What We Are About to Receive*. He is also the author of *What This Country Needs*.

PAUL HUTCHINSON is Managing Editor of *The Christian Century*, published in Chicago, and has been known for some years as an acute political observer. His latest book, *Storm Over Asia*, will appear shortly.

MARIAN JOHNSON CASTLE started to do Chautauqua work in her teens, between college sessions, and for several summers covered many thousands of miles, traveling west from Omaha and Winnipeg. She is a graduate of the University of Chicago, is married, and now lives in Denver, Colorado.

LOTHROP STODDARD recently published *Europe and Our Money*, a sharp criticism of our foreign investment and foreign trade policy since the war. He is now working on a new book, *Lonely America*, "which depicts America's rather parlous position in a decidedly dangerous world and strives to rouse the reader to some pressing realities." Mr. Stoddard is widely known as an authority on foreign, and especially oriental, affairs.

KATHERINE WYLER graduated from Vassar in 1931, and was married the following summer to Alan M. Strook. Recently she has been studying English at Yale.

DARWIN L. TEILHET has been variously educated at Drake and Stanford Universities, the University of Paris, and Heidelberg. He now lives in San Francisco, and, in connection with his work in an advertising agency there, has written radio continuity, radio publicity, and commercial announcements.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE TRAGEDY OF HENRY FORD, by Jonathan Norton Leonard; Putnam, $3.00.

IN THE heyday of the Tin Lizzie — and of Ford's popularity — the title of this book would have seemed perplexingly paradoxical. Even now it requires explanation. Mr. Leonard sees Henry Ford as a man of limited intelligence, fundamentally rather simple and kindly, who has been pathetically anxious all his life to be something more than a manufacturer and millionaire — to be, in short, a prophet and benefactor to mankind. Ford wanted people to be happy and good, but they must be made so by compulsion, and in accordance with his own narrow, small-town notions of happiness and morality. He has lived to be mocked and ridiculed for his fumbling, grotesque efforts in this direction — and to be cursed by thousands as the epitome of all that is cruellest and most oppressive in a machine age. It is the progress of this personal tragedy which Mr. Leonard traces — although actually his book will be most treasured for its richly diverting qualities. His chapters on Ford's anti-cigarette campaign, on his fatuities during the course of the *Chicago Tribune* libel suit, and, above all, on the incredible departure of the Peace Ship, are packed with the pure essence of comedy. For the most part, Mr. Leonard allows facts to speak for themselves — but he knows how to load a phrase with damaging wit, and though he professes a certain sympathy for Mr. Ford, the latter has nothing to thank him for. This is a crisp, fast-paced, and immensely entertaining book — well written and well documented.

CALL HOME THE HEART, by Fielding Burke; Longmans, Green, $2.50.

POTENTIALLY extraordinarily fine, this novel is flawed by the author's tendency to convert it into a tract against social injustice. It is only in the first part of the book that her missionary ardor does not play her false. With rare eloquence, with a very moving simplicity, Miss Burke tells the story of a girl who lives on a small bleak farm in the North Carolina mountains — an unusually intelligent and beautiful girl whose eyes are scaled to wider horizons. Despite her love for the mountains, and for her young husband, Irma's will is finally broken by the long, bitter battle against poverty. She leaves Britt for another man and goes with him to a mill town in the lowlands. There she finds a cause upon which she can lavish all her reserves of generosity, vitality, and courage. She identifies herself with the struggles of the oppressed mill workers, fights side by side with them in a strike led by Communist organizers, and be-

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"Thanks to N. I. A. training, I am now working for The Watertown Daily Times as a cub reporter. Mr. Harry F. Landon, city editor, has informed me of my first promotion. He is going to send me to Canton, New York, to take charge of the Times news bureau in that city." — Howard R. Dick, 49 Court St., Canton, N. Y.

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Books in Brief

comes an impassioned convert to Marxist doctrines. That the mountains and Britt at last call her home is, as she recognizes, merely an admission of weakness. Miss Burke's descriptions of mill conditions, and of the small tragedies of individual workers, are at times almost intolerably vivid. Unfortunately, however, she is unwilling to let the grim facts speak for themselves. She injects so many unleavened Communist sermons into the latter half of her book, and caricatures her wicked capitalists so absurdly, that one loses the rich, warm feeling of reality which colors her account of Irma's life in the mountains. At the lowest reckoning, *Call Home the Heart* is a significant and engrossing novel — but it could so easily have been both better art and better propaganda that its shortcomings are rather saddening.

LIVES, by Gustav Eckstein; Harper, $2.50.

OFFHAND IT might not seem that a million cockroaches, a couple of white rats, a turtle, a parrot, and various other fauna are particularly fit subjects for biography. And for most writers they might not be. But Dr. Eckstein, because of his humor and his terse, succinct style, makes these creatures considerably more human than many human beings who have been immortalized by biographers. He does not approach his subjects as a scientist, though his profession is science, but as a friend and host; they live with him, are fed and sheltered by him, and he is a friend to them. Just how deep that friendship is may be gauged by his grief when they die, for they all do die or disappear. Yet his attitude is not sentimental — he is shrewdly critical and, above all, observing. Of the many good chapters in his book that dealing with one day in the life of a macaw is this reader's favorite. The whole volume should be a permanent addition to one's library.

HEAT LIGHTNING, by Helen Hull; Coward McCann, $2.50.

THIS UNCOMMONLY skillful and understanding story of a critical week in the life of an average small-town family is told simply and unaffectedly from a mature, civilized point of view. The material and setting are familiar enough, but whereas most modern novelists would have treated them satirically Miss Hull's attitude is sympathetic. Her tolerance, and the genuineness of the people about whom she writes, are, indeed, the most notable qualities of the book, which is sometimes hard going because of the large roll of characters and the closely knit plot. Those who demand a wide sweep of action will probably have little patience with *Heat Lightning*, but it will find its own audience — most likely among those very people whose general type it re-creates and interprets so effectively.

RECOVERY, by Sir Arthur Salter; Century, $3.00.

LET CONGRESS be adjourned for two days and each member sent home to prepare for an examination on Sir Arthur Salter's book. Let any member failing to obtain an average of fifty per cent on his test be sent home for an additional forty-eight hours of study. It is no socialistic Utopia that this calm and clear-headed British economist prescribes for our ills; it is a reconstruction of the old order by the first principles of get-together and common sense. For reparations he offers a practical compromise, for a workable gold standard a Central Banker's Bank. For the general revival of business he suggests reopening the seas to enterprising youth by the lowering of tariff walls through international agreement instead of patriotic folly. Any child can understand Sir Arthur's principles, that is any child not old enough to have his mind muddled by the fears and pin-headed propagandas of the current *Dementia Americana*.

I, JAMES LEWIS, by Gilbert W. Gabriel; Doubleday Doran, $2.50.

IN THIS day of emasculated fiction it is refreshing to come upon a book of honest force and power, with blood and a healthy pulse. Gilbert Gabriel has taken the documents of the first Pacific Northwest expedition of Astor's men and made a real novel from the facts he found there. There is about the book something of the symbolism of *Moby Dick;* for here too the struggle is not for something as tangible as a white whale or a bundle of beaver skins, but for an answer to man's eternal questions concerning his own strength and the forces with which he must do battle.

BILLIONS FOR VETERANS, by Knowlton Durham; Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $1.25.

ATTA BOY! A veteran with a goodly record of Boche scalps gets into action against the proposed two billion dollar bonus to veterans. The figures massed in this book demonstrate convincingly that the proposed bonus, whether paid by taxes, bonds, or the printing press, is but another camouflage for national economic suicide. The author provides also a valuable documentation of

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Books in Brief

the rising cost to new generations of the Civil War and the Spanish American War. At the present rate there will soon be but two classes of American citizens: the privileged veterans of former wars and an impecunious proletariat bled white to provide their warrior overlords with flowering beds of ease. The author sums up the whole absurd proposition with the words, "Alice-in-Wonderland finance."

WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE, by Jay Franklin; Covici, Friede, $2.50.

THIS SHREWD and excellent forecast of our immediate political future should effectively disillusion those who still regard Jay Franklin as an entertaining but irresponsible wit. He has eliminated the satirical extravaganzas which so decorated the pages of *What this Country Needs*, and while his humor remains in good working order, it is clear that in this book he means business. Starting with three extraordinarily acute chapters on Hoover, Roosevelt, and Smith, he proceeds to diagnose the present state of our major parties and their probable attitudes on such troubled questions as prohibition, farm relief, the bonus, foreign policy, or what have you. It ought to be a lot of fun to check up on Mr. Franklin's prophecies as the fight progresses, for the chances are he will be right. While he is unfortunately unable to write as dryly and pontifically as convention demands, he is one of the best political observers in this country — and has never been taken as seriously as he deserves. Better keep this book in your hand when you are listening to the campaign speeches and the convention broadcasts.

THE LIFE OF EMERSON, by Van Wyck Brooks; Dutton, $3.00.

WHEN EMERSON arrived on the scene, American thought was dominated by the self-prudence of Calvinism, ignorance, apathy, and provincial self-satisfaction. When he departed, those faulties which William Ellery Channing had said years before "slumber within, weighed down by the chains of custom," had been awakened and unshackled. The tremendous part Emerson played in this development of American culture Mr. Brooks attempts to explain through a skillful interpretation of Emerson's writings, particularly his notebooks, and a keen study of Emerson's associations with his illustrious contemporaries, both in this country and abroad. Mr. Brooks has selected his material with superb discrimination, paying special attention to those occurrences which seem to have influenced most the evolution of Emerson's philosophy, and has produced from it a masterpiece of biographical writing.

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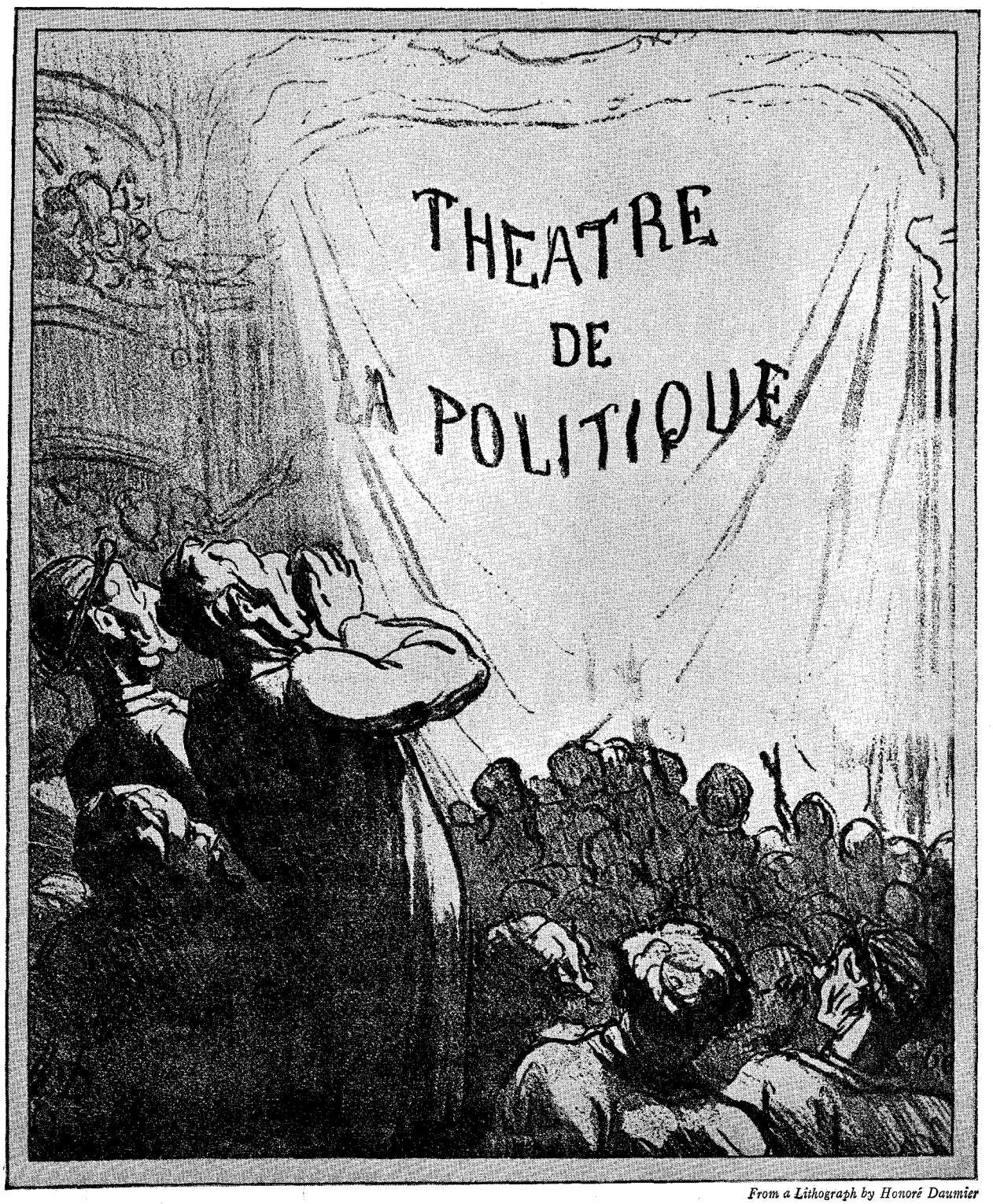

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Ring Up the Curtain!

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FORUM

JUNE, 1932 VOL. 87, NO. 6

Jobs for College Graduates

A Foreword by the Editor

THE ALUMNUS of 1932 will find job-hunting a tougher proposition than any previous graduates in the history of American education. This is a year for short-term jobs for college graduates as well as short-term bonds for federal financing. An infinite variety of part-time jobs will be snatched up by more nimble alumni. A few weeks of cataloging in a library or lawyer's office offers at least a living wage for Phi Beta Kappa brains. There are always rough jobs in overalls waiting for college athletes to snap in ahead of congenital morons. Many of them are apparently awakening to these facts.

At Harvard College this spring, fifty-eight per cent of the graduating class plan, instead of hunting jobs, to continue study. In a more normal year, 1926, only forty-eight per cent entered professional schools or took specialized training after graduation. Correspondence with other colleges indicates that their graduate schools will be crowded next autumn by young people seeking to postpone the evil year of job-hunting.

For students whose family budgets can stand the strain we recommend travel; not just a summer holiday abroad but one year, yes, two years of foreign lands exploring the minds and strange conduct of the very different peoples who make our planet so much unlike. Two of the most enlightened races in Europe, the British and the Scandinavians, long ago found that travel is the best post-graduate university. Famous leaders in those advanced countries have been trained, not by summers, but by winters abroad.

The college graduate bearing a chip on his shoulder against a society which has trained him for a white collar job requiring intelligence and leadership, and then slammed the door in his face, could do nothing more constructive than to work his way into political life where he could make his resentment felt and possibly join in efforts to prevent a recurrence of the situation for the generations to come after him. If he has the means of subsistence during his period of apprenticeship, or can pick up short-term jobs of odd sorts to carry him through it, the experience of Governor Cross of Connecticut and other college men is there to show that he has a reasonable expectation of getting into office. Indeed, the prejudice against college men in politics has been so far removed that a little prying by the newspapers recently revealed Al Smith's remarks on the tariff in his Jefferson Dinner speech to have been actually the words of Professor Lindsay Rogers, of Columbia, disguised in the accents of the sidewalks of New York. Furthermore, the very same words had been supplied to Franklin D. Roosevelt for his St. Paul address by Professor Raymond Moley, also of Columbia University. When the most popular leaders of the Democratic party go to these extremes in vying with each other to give voice to the political wisdom of the academic mind, then indeed the university may be said to have made a place for itself in political life.

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An Honest Party Platform

by **WILLIAM HARD**

THE EDITOR of THE FORUM has handsomely requested me to imagine the National Convention of the perfect political party in session and to imagine myself appointed Chairman of its Resolutions Committee. Like any other American suddenly summoned to resolve and denounce and demand, I enthusiastically accept.

PREAMBLE

WE DEPLORE the tendencies of other parties to befuddle the electorate with platitudes about the moral grandeur of law enforcement. Administrative effectiveness needs institutions which in themselves command general loyalty. Such institutions our party proposes to establish.

PROHIBITION

PRESENT *General Situation.* Preoccupation with the Eighteenth Amendment is the principal existing obstacle to a successful reconstruction of our social and economic life.

Present Legal Situation. The Federal Government has long admitted its inadequacy to the local detailed enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Meanwhile numerous local governments decline to enforce it on the ground that it is an unwarranted intrusion into local affairs. Nullification, so-called, is thereupon to-day a fact — and a growing fact.

Meaning of the Amendment. The Amendment says: "The Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this Article." It thus admirably emphasizes the historic division of power between the Congress and the several states. That division is represented by the words "*inter*state" and "*intra*state."

Pledge. Immediately upon our advent to national power we will withdraw all federal forces from all "*intra*state" Eighteenth Amendment enforcement activities.

Precedent. In 1877 President Hayes withdrew all federal forces which had been engaged in imposing upon the states of the South the pro-Negro Constitutional provisions enacted by the victorious states of the North. Those provisions remained in the Constitution, but the "*intra*state" enforcement of them passed to the local authorities. Much nullification, so-called, had already occurred. More ensued. President Hayes nevertheless emancipated the South from the North. We will achieve a similar emancipation of the North and East from the South and West. We will do it in furtherance of the aim declared by President Hayes: "the pacification of the country."

Repeal. The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, requiring a two-thirds vote in each House of the Congress and a subsequent majority vote in a convention or in the legislature of each of thirty-six states, is at the present moment an impossibility. We favor the submission of a repeal proposal by the Congress to the states, but we shall meanwhile act by the power of the purse.

Enforcement Appropriations. Either of the two houses of the Congress can reject an appropriation by a simple majority. As soon therefore as our party possesses a simple majority in either House, we shall decline to make Eighteenth Amendment enforcement appropriations for any but *inter*state purposes.

Vigorous Enforcement. Confining ourselves to interstate enforcement, we shall make that enforcement effective. As long as the Eighteenth Amendment is in the Constitution we shall strive utterly to destroy all traffic in intoxicating beverages across the national frontiers and across state borders. We shall

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urge the several states to be equally energetic in the enforcement of their own local liquor regulations, whatever those regulations may be. We shall even offer to the several states, as will presently appear, a certain new legitimate federal coöperation in the suppression of local crimes. Our objective is to arrive at a situation in which a workable adjustment between central governmental effort and local governmental effort may reinvigorate both efforts and may restore order to this country.

Crime

Local crimes now have frequent interstate aspects requiring interstate activities for their prompt detection and punishment. These activities are but slackly pursued when they depend upon transitory arrangements between state and state in specific instances. They can be accomplished effectively only by the Federal Government itself.

The Federal Government's Department of Justice has already put itself in a position to be of signal service to the states in the matter of the statistics of crimes and in the matter of the identification of criminals. We hold that the Department of Justice should become a continuous clearing house of all information pertinent to increased efficiency by the local authorities in their combat against nationwide criminal developments. We look forward to the ultimate emergence of a national Crime Detection Bureau which, like Scotland Yard in Britain, will not supplant the local police but will supplement and aid their endeavors.

Basic Economics

The fundamental weaknesses of our economic structure are the following:

1. The fatal readiness with which small fluctuations in the volumes of commodities are able to produce immense and disastrous fluctuations in their prices.

2. The discrepancy, under modern management, between the producing power of the masses of the people and their purchasing power.

The fundamental remedies therefore to be sedulously sought are the following:

1. A better control of production for the processes of sale.

2. A better distribution of national income for the processes of purchase.

Government and Business

Our economic edifice is the habitation of the people. The constructor and operator of the edifice is private capital. The representative of the totality of the people is government.

We shall not permit government to become the constructor and operator. On the other hand, we shall insist that government shall discharge its full duty toward making the design of the edifice correspond to the people's convenience and progress.

To date the attitude of government toward business has been chiefly regulative. New necessities, occasioned by economic evolution, demand now that it be creative. It has been a janitor and a jailer. It must now become the architect of the social structure within which private capital may both profit and serve.

The Present Crisis

The Great War. Numerous previous profound crises — such as that of 1857 — happened without any Great War to cause them. We denounce the politicians of other parties who rely upon allusions to the late Great War to spare them the trouble of economic thought on behalf of their constituents.

International Public Debts. Crises have occured frequently without the assistance of debts from government to government. Such debts to-day are in general but a trifling fraction of the national incomes of the nations concerned. The problem of payment is not one of national resources but one of international transfers amid complications of trade barriers and amid derangements of gold supplies. These complications and derangements may be transitory and are, at any rate, capable of assuagement. They obviously cannot be surmounted by the unilateral action of any one country. We fear that a policy of mere insistence by the United States upon its full legal debt-rights may result in a total permanent loss of those rights through a total permanent repudiation of them by our European debtors on grounds invoked from the pressure of the crisis. We therefore favor negotiations with the debtor nations and with the sub-debtor nations of Europe for a provisional readjustment of annual-payment transfers, with the ultimate resumption of them in principle fully reserved for further negotiations hereafter.

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Credit and Capital. The frenzy preceding the crisis was marked by an enormous excessive devotion of credit and capital to plant expansion and to speculation. The crisis itself has been marked throughout the world by tremendous new accumulations of savings. We utterly deny that the liquidation of the crisis requires any further artificial enlargement of credit and capital funds. The purpose of such funds is investments and loans. We cannot get confident investors and lenders till we get sound borrowers; and we cannot get sound borrowers till we get active and adequate consumers. Our national policy from now forward during the crisis should be the stimulation not of credit but of consumption.

Consumption. The stimulation of consumption can be achieved only through the spread of employment. The only currency inflation defensible during a crisis is one designed to execute public works on behalf of employment and thereupon on behalf of consumption. If and when private credit cannot provide the spark for the re-ignition of the cycle of consumption, it is for the public credit to do so. We shall resist additional public-credit expansions aimed only at the swelling of private-credit funds which thereupon remain immobile. We shall, on the contrary, if necessary, energetically promote additional public-credit expansions flowing directly and immediately into enhanced employment and enhanced consuming power.

Relief and Reconstruction. Relief of unemployment distress, even through doles, whether private or public, has a reconstructive value, since it transfers funds from a possibility of hoarding to a certainty of spending. Relief through governmental employment enterprises is vitally reconstructive, since it eventuates in new spending and in new producing on a large scale. We favor ample relief precisely in the course of favoring rapid reconstruction. The full achievement of that reconstruction requires, however, not only relief but reform. Our reform proposals appear in the paragraphs following.

Production Control

Recent History. Certain commodities during this present depression have withstood excessive price declines much better than certain others. This has been due largely to a more consolidated production control. Where such controls have been wholly absent the price declines have been unduly precipitous and have contributed greatly to business confusion and cowardice and to the prolongation of the depression and its miseries.

Proposal. We propose that production controls, within flexible limits, and of specified commodities, should be encouraged by government and should be operated under governmental auspices.

Distinction. Collective production controls with governmental sanction are not necessary in highly individualized finished products, such as motor cars. Those products are sold in highly varying models and at highly varying prices. The commodities which require the controls in view are the basic primary commodities, of fairly uniform character, produced (a) by agriculture and (b) by the extractive industries. Among the latter are notably lumber and coal and oil. Uncontrolled production of these commodities leads to a competition which, being centered essentially upon price alone, becomes excessive and socially disastrous.

Anti-Trust Laws. We have relaxed our anti-trust laws in favor of agricultural commodities. We should relax them in favor of all other primary basic commodities. We must strive to create stability at the base of our economic adventures.

Federal Farm Board. The Federal Farm Board is engaged mainly in the financing of coöperative agricultural societies for a more consolidated marketing of agricultural products. We conceive that farmers, being so multitudinous, need for a while this artificial assistance toward collective effort. We undertake to continue it vigorously. We undertake further to confer upon the Federal Farm Board certain new duties and powers corresponding to those which we intend to confer upon a Federal Basic Industries Board.

Federal Basic Industries Board. This Board, appointed by the President, shall have the following duties and powers:

1. To declare a commodity to be a primary basic commodity.

2. To license groups of producers of such commodities to trade in interstate commerce on a group basis.

3. To authorize such groups to limit production and to allocate that limited production

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among the various members of the groups.

4. To compel all producers of such commodities to act in harmony with the legitimated practices of such groups.

5. To examine the costs of all such producers and to see to it that allocations of production shall go increasingly to producers with low costs and decreasingly to producers with high costs in order that ultimately all production of such commodities may be at the lowest possible costs level.

6. To report to the Congress annually the results thus achieved in costs and profits to the producer, in salaries and wages to the employee, and in prices to the consumer, in order that the Congress, if necessary, may levy the taxes hereinafter provided for readjustment purposes.

Income Distribution

Principle. It will have been noticed that in the matter of prices we have committed ourselves not at all to any fixing of individual prices but most certainly to the steadying of general basic-commodity price levels. Similarly in the matter of income distribution we shall address ourselves not at all to the fixing of individual incomes but most certainly to the securing of a more generally diffused purchasing power.

National Income Calculation Board. This Board, appointed by the President, shall have the following duties and powers:

1. To gather from the Federal Farm Board, the Federal Basic Industries Board, the Federal Reserve Board, the Internal Revenue Bureau, and all other authoritative sources, full information regarding income from interest, income from profits, income from ground rent, income from salaries, income from wages, and all other forms of income in the United States.

2. To oblige the groups of producers operating under the scrutiny of the Federal Farm Board and of the Federal Basic Industries Board to provide it with income information on a group basis.

3. To oblige all other industries, through trade associations, to provide it similarly with income information on a group basis.

4. To observe and to record the use of income in (a) capital accumulations and (b) current purchases.

5. To observe and to record the use of capital accumulations for (a) excessive plant development and (b) excessive speculative activities.

6. To construct charts which will faithfully indicate the degree, if any, to which income going into excessive plant development and into excessive speculative activities should be diverted by the industries concerned into higher wages and salaries for employees and into lower prices for consumers.

7. To admonish the industries concerned to effect this readjustment.

8. To report to the Congress, annually, the results of its calculations and advice.

Hope. We trust that the statistical social picture thus presented to the nation will lead American business, of its own motion, and through its own collective units, to effect the readjustment desired.

Threat. In so far as this hope is not realized, we pledge the Congress to proceed to a drastic use of the power of taxation. If excessive capital accumulations, throwing the nation's purchasing power out of balance, are not reduced through absorption into higher wages and salaries and lower prices, we shall absorb them through taxation into the national treasury, to be expended upon projects of national social utility. This special taxation shall be imposed upon different industries in proportion to their different performances in maintaining balanced results.

Promise. We shall moderate this special taxation in proportion to improvements in those results.

Purpose. Our design is to escape Socialism by obliging private business to be social in its ambitions and achievements.

Other Economic Issues

Tariff. The chief importance of the tariff has been to enable the Republican and Democratic parties to seem different from each other. Wisdom in tariff-making *should* depend upon a common-sense calculation of the balance desired in any given set of circumstances between domestic trade and foreign trade. Our Tariff Commission, while executing many admirable researches on individual commodities, has never yet made a compendious study of the general relationships which should exist between our trade at home and our trade abroad in order to give us in the circumstances of this moment a maximum of strength as a national

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economic totality. We pledge the Commission to such a study. In the interim we give two tariff promises:

1. We shall initiate no general tariff revision.

2. We shall pass through the Congress a bill specifying to the Tariff Commission all fundamental commodities importantly claimed to be carrying tariff duties which are out of line with our present tariff principle of equalizing the cost of production abroad with the cost of production at home; and we shall provide the Commission with a genuinely sufficient personnel to readjust the duties on those commodities, in harmony with that principle, promptly.

Railroads. Our railroads suffer from the competition of other transportation agencies often unregulated and often also, in effect, governmentally subsidized. They additionally suffer from excessive fixed charges. Their bonded indebtedness, instead of getting gradually reduced, has been continuously and crushingly enlarged. The annual interest due upon it has become intolerable. It is manifest that private financing is too expensive for the economical administration of our contemporary railroad system. We thereupon pledge ourselves as follows:

1. We shall impose upon transportation agencies competitive to railroads the same regulatory requirements which are imposed upon the railroads themselves for stability of service to the public.

2. We shall impose compensatory taxes upon transportation agencies which to-day in their competition with railroads are freely using facilities — such as highways — constructed at public expense.

3. We shall gradually supplant expensive private credit with economical public Federal Governmental credit in future issues of railroad bonds, with a view to the ultimate drastic reduction of railroad bonded indebtedness and fixed charges.

With these reforms we shall hope to be able to perpetuate the benefits of private initiative in the direct daily management of the railroad system of the United States.

Power. Being a truly progressive party, we hold that it would not be deplorable but on the contrary highly desirable if all the power companies of the United States would indeed form themselves into a "power trust." With unification they would be easier to regulate. The regulating of them effectively in the discharge of their duty of service to the public is the sole practical point in the whole power problem. This regulating should in bulk be done by the authorities of the states and municipalities in which power-consumers live. Certain aspects, nevertheless, of power developments have become interstate and federal. An increasing amount of power is transmitted across state lines. More importantly, the holding companies which control local power companies are every day engaged in interstate commerce both through physical interconnections and through intercorporate management. We conceive it to be obvious that local governments to-day cannot accomplish the adequate regulation of local companies without the interstate coöperation of the Federal Government. We therefore promise:

1. To gather from interstate holding companies all costs-information necessary to adequate regulation and to transmit that information to the states concerned.

2. To act with the states concerned, upon complaint by them, in the matter of the rates paid by consumers for power transmitted across state lines.

Federal initiative in the power problem should at this time be used only — but used vigorously — to stimulate local initiative in power problem solutions. If those solutions are not reasonably reached within ten years, the Federal Government may properly feel itself obliged to become the primary regulator of power distribution and sale throughout the country.

The "Dole." We share the view that the "dole" is unfortunate. We add that it is equally unfortunate whether it comes from public or from private charity. Employment is a function of industry. Unemployment is a failure of industry. Our industry is owned by private capital. We purpose that it shall continue to be owned by private capital. Capitalism nevertheless cannot go on keeping the private profits of employment for itself and slipping the pecuniary burdens of unemployment off upon the charity of the community at large. On this point there can be no compromise.

Unemployment — at any rate in its first stages — is, or shall be, a charge upon industry. Every corporation operating in interstate

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commerce shall be obliged by federal law to maintain an unemployment compensation fund. These funds shall be consolidated by industries. They shall be further consolidated into a general national unemployment compensation fund under Federal Governmental supervision. The administration of an immediate part of this fund shall be devolved back upon the states and upon the industries and corporations concerned in order to meet the compensation payments for transitory unemployment. The remainder of the fund shall rest with the Federal Government for the alleviation of unemployment through public works during prolonged crises.

The ultimate end in view is employment regularization. The road to that end is the fixing of a pecuniary responsibility upon industry for employment irregularity. Such a responsibility has already been fixed upon industry for physical injuries to employees. The consequence has been an immense improvement in the physical safety of places of employment. We shall by the same method — and only by that method — accomplish a similar improvement in the safety and continuity of employment itself. We again emphasize our central contention, which is this:

The placing of all appropriate social burdens upon capitalism is the humanizing of it and the perpetuating of it.

Terms of Office

Our federal elective officeholders spend too little time on government and too much time on the next elections. Senators should be elected for eight years, members of the House of Representatives for four years, Presidents for six years. Presidents should be ineligible for reëlection. Presidents would thereupon be wholly free to make the Presidency what under our constitutional system it should and could be: the world's model of a strong executive power unmoved by political consequences.

Foreign Affairs

Imperialism. The subjugating and ruling of alien peoples is to-day an unprofitable anachronism. It produces more resentments and boycotts than markets and profits. The road to profits lies to-day through free good will. We favor total independence for the Philippines and Porto Rico, on their request.

Political Intervention. Every interference, however slight, in the internal governmental affairs of an alien people is productive of criticism, suspicion, and ultimately business loss. We favor the total termination of our political interventions in Haiti and in Nicaragua and the total termination also of our right of political intervention in Cuba.

Recognition. In consequence of our abhorrence of all interventions, express or implied, direct or indirect, we shall recognize the existence of all foreign governments that actually, effectively, as governments, exist.

Defense. For defense the only outposts needed by the United States are the Virgin Islands, the Canal Zone, the Hawaiian Islands, and the islands of the Alaskan Peninsula. These should be maintained in full vigor.

Armaments. Our superfluous private luxuries cost us much more than our armaments. Politicians who point to armaments as a cause of economic distress are striving only to divert attention from the true economic causes of economic distress. We nevertheless for political reasons — for reasons of good will and of peace — favor intense and continuous international effort for the reduction of armaments on a basis not of example but of concert. On the basis of concert we are willing to agree that our Navy shall not exceed Britain's. We simultaneously declare that we shall genuinely make our Navy what it never has been in the past and what it is not now: the equal of Britain's.

Peace Mechanisms. Peace between individuals can be forced, because individuals can be jailed or executed. Nations cannot be jailed for long and cannot be executed at all. The vanity — and, indeed, the viciousness — of organized threats of force against nations for the preservation of peace was elucidated and demonstrated thoroughly in the debates of the American Constitutional Convention of 1787. We condemn and reject American participation in the League of Nations Council or Assembly — and also in the League's Court — as long as the League's constitution revolves upon the pivot of projected organized coercions of nations and groups of nations by other nations and other groups of nations. Such arrangements are either cobwebs and foolish or quicksands and infinitely dangerous.

International Economics. It is as true

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to-day as when Aristotle said it that wars arise primarily out of the conflicts of foreign trade. The greatest possible American contribution to peace would be the promotion, with design and with incessant persistence, of worldwide prosperity. Every dominant world power of the past has enriched primarily itself. It is for the United States, repudiating political conquests and political intrigues, to dedicate itself to the world's economic development on terms of mutual benefit and of coöperative advance. To that end we propose to combine a national duty and an international duty in the functions of a Supreme Council of Economic Survey at Washington.

Supreme Council of Economic Survey

Personnel. Recognized representative groups of the leaders of agriculture, labor, finance, transportation, commerce, and manufacture shall make the nominations and the President shall make the appointments to the Council. Its members shall number twelve. Their qualifications shall be long experience and eminent standing in the actual practice of economic affairs. The Senate, in confirming (or refusing to confirm) the President's appointees to the Council, should be moved by the purpose of making a membership in the Council the final and highest stage in an American business career.

Administrative Duties. The Council shall have no administrative duties whatsoever.

Staff. The Council shall have appropriations sufficient for the employing of economic experts of the highest academic proficiency in numbers large enough to constitute the most spacious as well as the most capable economic research university in the United States.

Coördination. With the help of its staff the Council shall bring together, for the first time among us, on a purely economic basis, the multitudinous bodies of fact and the multitudinous varieties of view resident in our different separate governmental economic organizations. It shall survey and analyze, for instance, the transportation conclusions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the finance conclusions of the Federal Reserve Board, the fair-trade-practices conclusions of the Federal Trade Commission, the anti-trust conclusions of the Department of Justice, the foreign-trade conclusions of the Commerce Department, the import-duty conclusions of the Tariff Commission, the agricultural conclusions of the Federal Farm Board, the extractive-industries conclusions of the Bureau of Mines, of the Forest Service, and of the Federal Oil Conservation Board, the foreign-policy conclusions of the State Department, the foreign-debt conclusions of the Treasury Department, as well as the conclusions of the new Federal Basic Industries Board and of the new National Income Calculation Board hereinbefore proposed for establishment. It shall assemble all these conclusions into a composite complete picture of our national and international economic life.

Reports and Recommendations. The Council shall present to the President and to the Congress, whenever it deems it necessary or desirable, and at least semiannually, its own conclusions and suggestions regarding improvements in capitalism domestic and worldwide. It may buttress its suggestions with reports of data. Such reports shall be subordinate. The Council's main duty shall be recommendations for improvements.

World Service. The Council shall bear in mind two opposite but equally valid and fruitful facts. One is that the United States, for its own advantage, should be of world service. The other is that the United States cannot be made of world service through being made into a world sacrifice. The Council shall accommodate itself to the tension between those two facts. It shall make recommendations toward economic world accord — particularly in respect of basic commodities. It shall at the same time make recommendations toward all perfectibility in domestic economic balance. It shall aim at an American economic system which, both as an exemplifying act and as a coöperating agent, may lead the world to a new economic stability.

Summary

The United States is the classic land of the sane successful conquest of new physical frontiers. It must now make an equally sane and equally successful conquest of new economic frontiers. Americanism is not an embalmment of 1607 and 1776. It is a proud perpetuation of the specifically American spirit of hard-headed adventurousness. To that sort of adventurousness on the field of this age we dedicate our new party.

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The Irish Myth

by **JOHN GAVIN**

ANY St. Patrick's Day orator who happens to be in robust health can discourse for hours on the Great Anglo-Saxon myth. He can prove to his own satisfaction that Anglo-Saxons overestimate their importance in these United States, and that their moral and intellectual snootiness is bad for them, and worse for the nation. He can be surprisingly logical, and he is likely to be more than half right.

The astounding thing about such fellows is that they are honestly and righteously indignant if one alludes to the existence here of the Irish myth, and remarks that it is just as harmful as the one they rave against. More harmful, I may say, to the exact extent that Celts are more easily flattered and dazzled and divorced from cruel fact than are people of the Teutonic stocks.

Forty years of peering at my own subdivision of the human race convince me that millions of gullible Irish-Americans, worked on from birth by the priests, pothouse philosophers, publicans, and frowsy politicians who are their cultural leaders, have absolutely no conception of the true position of their race group in America, and will die without acquiring one.

Where I was a boy, on a Vermont farm, surrounded by real Nordics, March 17 was just another dirty day in spring. I had to take what vicarious satisfaction I could in the patriotic hoopla of the Good-Old-Stock. The perfidy of Albion, the ancient glories of Inisfail, the glamorous yet godly qualities of the Celt were never expounded for the few Micks in our countryside by any patronizing permanent rector or hopeful Hibernian politician out trailing a nice, soft job. I was nearly eighteen years old when I saw my first copy of *The Irish World*, and so came in contact with that exuberant yet somehow sinister force called Irish propaganda.

I have seen all the Irish-American journals since then. They become steadily worse. I have heard some of the doughtiest spielers ever summoned forth to rattle the crockery at Irish banquet tables. I have read many a Right Reverend's benign encomium upon God's own children — the Irish, of course. I have interviewed visiting Sinn Feiners and puissant nobles of the Association for Recognition of the Irish Republic and the Friends of Irish Freedom. And the picture I get from all these august agencies is the one I got from that first wild copy of the thunderous old *Irish World* — a picture so untrue as to be laughable.

It is the conventional picture used in the illustration of the Irish myth. It *is* the Irish myth. It is a representation of a fighting Irish tribe set down here to leaven the Saxon dough. A tribe of liberty-lovers, naturally. Who could think of the Irish without thinking of liberty? The word is seldom out of their mouths. A tribe of gallant martyrs, of course. Always right, but usually wronged. In a phrase, a clan of dashing, daring, impetuous O'Quixotes, humorous and generous, and religious, withal. It is, touched up and spiritualized a bit, the old eighteenth-century portrait of the rackety-packety Anglo-Irish gentleman of the Castle Rackrent Era. It is as true of the sons and grandsons of peasants who make up South Boston and the West Side of New York as a picture of a rollicking blade of the Old Dominion would be of one of Bishop Cannon's pious clodhoppers.

Of course, among those who know them well, this old view of the Irish has been destroyed by close contact. Keen critics realize they encounter precious few charming Olcott-ish gentlemen jogging along through life, and an apparently inexhaustible stream of Tammany heelers, sixteenth-century clerics, and laymen seeing the Evil One in each fresh manifestation of science. But that matters not at all to the God-loves-the-Irish pulpiteers and pamphlet-

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eers. The Irish believe it, or enough of them do. That is what matters. The pretty story keeps them contented in their sectarian and fraternity loyalties, and helps to make them dependable material for ward leaders who understand the blessed uses of blarney.

The Seed of Famine

Irish love of liberty was, until just before the Civil War, a well-advertised commodity in these United States. Some very learned Americans took it seriously and speculated ponderously on the value of this fiery quality as it went into the melting pot.

There were reasons for this. Life in the early days of the Republic was primitive and violent, and physical courage is fairly common among all orders of the Irishry, although not so common as we would like the world to believe. Barry, Moylan, the O'Briens, the Carrolls, the Sullivans, and the Burkes had rendered creditable service, and it was not forgotten. The pioneer settlers of Celtic stock included many merchants, lawyers, and well-born idealists who left their rainy island after the disastrous rising of 1798 and the fiasco of 1803. The first Irish priests were either men of good breeding or great-hearted peasants who shed their peasant ways in their new field. In 1845, the Irish in America not only led all non-Nordic breeds in prestige, but were favored over native sons in such widely separated boroughs as South Carolina, New Hampshire, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

The event which changed all this was the Irish famine of 1847–1851, which starved millions off the land to which they had clung like limpets for countless centuries. No such catastrophe has afflicted any civilized people in modern times, and its rigor explains much in American slums, and in American municipal politics, that otherwise could not be explained at all.

Among most other nationalities, it was the poor but hardy and adventurous who came to America. It required planning and effort to get here. But riding the Irish wave that beat in from 1848 until 1875 were all classes of people, including many thousands who could not have met a single phase of a general desirability test. It required less effort to come than to stay. The great hunger literally blasted them from their little holdings and wafted them aboard the waiting ships. Whole villages came. People came who lacked initiative to leave their own townships in a country where life was supportable. Their seed is here to-day, and strong. It is in the churches, the Tammany clubs, the A. O. H., and they, not the bonny lads of the Olcott plays, set the pace for the race in America.

Why anyone should even have expected such a constituency to waste much thought on liberty is hard to understand now. The first aspiration of most Irishmen on landing was to join a police force. Their highest ambition for a favorite son was — and remains — the taking of holy orders. The ideas of priests and police sergeants dominate vast sections of the race in the big cities, and neither class is noted for its devotion to anybody's liberty but its own.

Although few of them dare to recognize it, the Irish as a class have as little use for liberty as any element in the national life, including Bishop Cannon's parishioners. They distrust it and its advocates, whom they consider allies of the wicked Communists and foes of the noble cops.

Of course, the Irish have been keeping much to the fore during the row over prohibition, and it has been fashionable to speak of all those revolting against its obscenities as champions of personal liberty. But I have another idea. Most saloon keepers in the big cities were Irish. Often they were very devout and generous sons of Holy Mother Church. Most bootleggers are Italians — Catholics, too, but Latin Catholics, and notoriously poor providers for the monsignori. Naturally, the clergy liked the old way best. The hullabaloo raised by the Irish mobs in the cities over the loss of their beer is in no sense a sign that considerable numbers of them have been converted to the theory of liberty, even in its most elementary form.

Their true attitude is to be discerned when divorce reform or liberal statutes on birth control are under discussion. I do not see why they feel so keenly about these things. Nobody proposes that Tenth Avenue or L Street be compelled to accept divorce, or curtail the output of babies. Yet the very mention of such matters will make most Irish-Americans froth at the mouth. The fate of the last birth control bill brought up in the New York legislature was sad. The fate of future bills will be no happier. There is a big Irish vote in many cities of

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the state. As for Massachusetts, Protestant as well as Catholic legislators have for years been taking precious good care to do nothing to offend the subjects of His Eminence, the Cardinal. It doesn't pay.

Freedom from censorship is another fighting cause that leaves the American Irish cold. With no official stage censorship in New York yet, the arch-diocesan authorities do the best they can with a little list of their own, telling the faithful what may be seen with safety to faith and morals. The activities of Irish-American clubwomen in the holy cause of putting flannels on the movies is well known. Considering their late start, they do quite as well as their Methodist and Baptist counterparts. Censorship of books arouses no indignation in the breasts of constitution-quoting O's and Mc's, who get homicidal when they contemplate the censorship of their drinks. The Boston Irishry are a tower of strength to the snoopers who have established an extensive blacklist of printed works in that ancient seat of culture. In Ireland itself, the world's classics are being embalmed in a catalogue of touch-nots.

No beef-eating English Tory has more contempt for oppressed nationalities than the Irish-American masses, unless the oppressed be their own. When De Valera and his mountebanks were trying to maneuver the shouters for Irish freedom into some sort of alliance with the Indian nationalists, more than one portly professional Mick wondered what the world was coming to. Tied up with "naygurs," no less. As for the American Negroes, if they ever got as much as a disinterestedly kind word from the Irish martyrs in the Board of Aldermen and City Councils of the great cities in the East, I never met a Negro who would say so.

The continuous uproar of the Jews, and their Communistic tommyrot, make the respectable West Sider furious. It all makes him want to put on a uniform and go out swinging a club. Irish-Americans, in their economic activities, exhibit that frightened brand of Toryism typical of people who have so little, achieved so painfully, that they would outfight Bourbons and Hapsburgs to conserve the existing order. Furthermore, they are intellectually sluggish. Getting their politics from a district leader, their spiritual solace from the Romanist holy men, and their cultural nourishment from the Erin-go-bragh press, or the tabloids, they resent anything that makes them think. They feel the first duty of a well-disposed immigrant is to get right with the policeman on the block and the election captain. After that, leave matters of state to the ex-pugs and ex-publicans who seem to do the serious thinking for Tammany and the political gangs of Boston and Philadelphia. Any other course is un-American. There is much talk around the West Side about Americanism. Usually, it is by American Irish who have watched sullenly while newer breeds shot ahead of them in the chase for security and success.

It is well understood that the Irish-American masses regard themselves as the divinely appointed defenders of the faith in this country. Thousands of well-fed and drowsily contented rectors have assured them it is so. When there is a row between the bishops and the people, they can be trusted to denounce the rebels without stint. They did it when a few French-Canadians in Rhode Island had the temerity to criticize a lordly churchman a few years ago. No, the fighting Irish do not rebel against their shepherds and shearers. Legalistic curates deny them burial in consecrated ground. Stoutish celibates become Billy Sundayish denouncing what their women wear. Monkish men insist they propagate like rabbits or go celibate themselves. With the frightful patience of the disinherited, the Irish endure.

Labor leaders know the Irish well. They realize they form the backbone of the element that has slowed the progress of the unions. As conservative as archbishops, and as timorous as Back Bay spinsters with their savings in shaky securities, they want no real change. No "radicalism." They pride themselves on knowing their place. Most of the old-line Irish-American labor leaders have either degenerated into smug and sly racketeers, or gone up the ladder to bank jobs and political sinecures.

Blarney and Boloney

If the Irish-American masses are consistently on the anti-liberty side, they seek to make up for it by doing more than their share to spread the cult of muckerism. They vote into power some of the most incompetent of administrators, and for some of the funniest of reasons. A burning speech on Irish wrongs, three days before election, will swing more

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votes in an Irish ward than a record for competence, integrity, and common sense. A whisper of "prejudice" will swing the same ward on hinges, and defeat a candidate for anything from mayor to sewer inspector. In Boston and New York, the Irish-American voters have been sweeping clowns and scoundrels into office for years for the sole reason that they were "their own kind." In Chicago and Philadelphia, where the gang politicians are Republican, they actually crossed the party line in thousands to fight like Turks for Thompson and the Vare boys.

The tradition of Irish love of liberty, applied to the Tenth Avenue and Back-of-the-Yards constituencies, is no more grotesque than the convention that masses of Irish-Americans are dashing and humorous lads. Good-humored they may be. Their impetuosity simply does not exist.

Many men of Celtic blood who have escaped the peasant psychology may be impulsive, but when the Irish as a body move in any direction, they go timorously, as people whose ancestors lived in hourly fear of the landlord, the soldiery, the police, the famine. The tawdry wisdom of a ward heeler, not the daring of an Emmet or the courage of a Parnell, distinguishes the Irish in politics and in other fields. I do not think of a single politician of Celtic extraction noted for taking chances for the easement of his soul. Al Smith shows spunk at times, but it may be the German half of him. They will bellow about Britain, but they won't risk the loss of a couple of votes by authorizing a reasonable reform.

Even funnier than all this is the tradition that the Irish are a race of beauty lovers. It must have started back in the days when all Yankees who weren't merchants were inventors, and so materialists and apostles of utilitarianism. Probably Father Ryan, O'Hara, and a few other third-rate poets helped to foster the illusion. I suspect it is pretty well dissipated by this time, except among the hokum peddlers of the A. O. H.

The Irish have very little use for beauty. No more than Methodists, for instance. Peasant priests have been blasting away for centuries at such remnants of pagan beauty-worship as survived the teachings of the followers of St. Patrick. Even the most lyrical of Irish rhapsodists admits Ireland itself is no æsthete's paradise. Nature made the island of grays and browns and greens, a place of somber charm. The people have covered it with shanty-like churches, horrible houses, hideous monuments. Whole towns roll by with never a flower in the garden. So far as serious art and literature are concerned over here, the Irish-American horde might as well not exist. Their taste in drama runs to Mr. Dowling's sentimentalities and things like *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Spirituality is probably the best-advertised virtue of the Irishry, thanks to generation after generation of priests and bishops of all nationalities. An Irish parish is a holy man's idea of heaven. They are notorious for their generosity to Holy Mother Church, and they don't resent even the most outrageous affronts. The legend of the "soggarth" survives. The Irishman's religion as it is manifested by many seems a very earthy thing, for all its supernatural base. As the humble Tenth Avenue dweller seeks a district leader when in trouble with the law, so he seeks a salvation-expert when in trouble with his conscience. The extreme formalism and ancient artificiality of the Church of Rome appeal to the Irish, themselves among the most formal and artificial people on earth.

When Irish poetry was written in Erse, for Celts, it acquired so many rules that it was beginning to lose character as poetry at the time that English took its place. It was more an intellectual exercise in literary legalities. The same thing applies to ancient Irish hospitality. For a visiting churl, a man did such a thing. For a visiting chief, or a bard, he killed so many cattle, opened so many casks. For a bishop. . . It was all iron-clad. The Irishman loved it. And the intricate and highly legalistic methods by which the good fathers tell him he is to be saved do not revolt him. He sees no obscenity in a man's topping off a life of villainy by yelling for a confessor as he lies wounded in the gutter, shot down on his way to commit a murder or two. It satisfies his liking for pseudo-subtleties to have His Reverence rule this sinner fit for holy ground, that one not, because a hurrying priest was held up in a traffic jam and arrived after the body was "cold."

Being a clan people, like the Jews, their God is a clan God. That is, not only do they belong to Him, but He belongs to them. It is amusing

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to see some Hibernian settlement in the tenement belt trying to weigh and comprehend intellectuals who occasionally come over from heresy. The Irish mob boasts such proselytes, but never likes them. Subconsciously, they resent them. Who do they think they are? It isn't right, after one's own old ancestors suffered agonies for the Church, to see the descendants of Black Protestants getting in on salvation just before the bell.

Victims of the Myth

If the picture I draw is not the usual sentimental one of Mother Machree and Danny Boy, it is not a malicious one. Not only are many Irish like that — in the nature of things they could be little else. Up to now. People whose gentry were slain wholesale always have extravagant pretensions to gentility, put forward by quite absurd persons. It doesn't take Freud to point that out. People who have lost as many wars as the Irish simply had to invent the legend of the Fighting Irishman, which legend has led many an amiable Hibernian to get his eyes blacked and his ears knocked down. With actuality as drab as it has been in Ireland for centuries, perhaps a retreat into the world of fairies and demi-gods and half demoniac enemies was inevitable. Even Irish humor is an escape from life. Its extravagance and whimsy have no relation to the world of men and women. Devout Romanists hoping for the rout of Tennessee Fundamentalists, and roaring rebels clamoring for police protection while shouting war to the knife on the British Empire, illustrate a weird lack of the sense of proportion that underlies rational humor.

The amount of harm done by all this Erin-go-bragh pother is hard to estimate. The injury done to imaginative and idealistic young Irish-Americans must be enormous. It is to be remembered that there is no respectable minority in an Irish community. It would be ganged. Either you swallow the Irish myth whole, or you are a traitor, exposing yourself to the shrewish malignity of some of the best name-callers in Christendom.

The cult of muckerism which grows out of this clan heritage is operating to drive many sensible and self-respecting men of Irish blood out of the various timorous Irish cultural movements that get under way in this country, and I find much misunderstanding of the reason.

I cannot see how it could be otherwise. Many Irish "leaders" in church and lodge are howling neurasthenics with inferiority complexes, whose chief ambition is to recall that their grandfathers knew the grandfather of a Daly or O'Brien or Mackay when he "didn't have a patch for the seat of his pants." No wonder the Mackays and Ryans refrain from attempting leadership in Irish-American advancement, much as they might like it. In vituperative power, at least, the Irish-American of the fire-escape class is the equal of any minor poet in the land. And ingratitude is part of his race, as is its vanity. Nearly all intelligent benefactors of the tribe are betrayed and insulted before they die. On the West Side of New York are tens of thousands of Irish-Americans who have faith in the Irish myth. They have ordered their lives by it, and, in dismaying numbers, they are becoming the cockneys of New York. They already have the parochial prejudices, the poverty, and the accent. On matinée days, you may see them lining the theater streets in the West Forties — sly chauffeurs, strutting cops, knowing lads in white aprons peering through the iron grills. Servants all. A varlet class in the making. Most of the business of the West Side is out of their hands long since. Even the fighters are "wops" and "mockies" now.

To-day the average Irish-American does not know the simplest and most obvious things about himself and his people. He does not know, for instance, that most Irish-Americans are not even Celts, but as Iberian as Calabrians or Portuguese. It may be generations before the whole gaudy Celtic myth is cut down to the proportions of fact. Meanwhile, it debauches the thinking of thousands of decent young fellows whose clan loyalty makes them ready victims.

Of course, the exceptional laugh it off and escape. But there are so many of the unexceptional who should be saving themselves from exploitation by the oily gentlemen who direct their minds backward toward a glorious past that never existed, forward toward a glorious future that is distinctly problematical — anywhere but at life itself!

In an Early Issue We Will Publish a Reply in Kind to Mr. Gavin

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Hungry

by LAUREN W. GILFILLAN

Upon graduating from Smith in 1931, Lauren W. Gilfillan went to New York to look for a job connected with writing. She found nothing, except this practical bit of advice: "There's a coal strike on in the Pittsburgh fields. Why don't you go there and live with the miners and see what it's all about? If you have writing in you, that ought to bring it out." Miss Gilfillan accepted the counsel and went to the Pittsburgh district where, because of her slight stature and immature appearance, she was able to pass as a miner's child. This article, the first of two, is the result of her experience. — The Editor

I

Burring! rang the alarm. I opened my eyes with a start. At first I thought I was still dreaming — at the sight of the little room. An expanse of plaster ceiling, almost touching my nose, its unpainted surface melting away in the shadows; bare walls, bare floor; the single scratchy blanket covering me; the bare outline of the dressing table made from a packing box, with its squat water pitcher, startlingly white in the gloom; the little slit of a window, through which filtered the first pale gleams of dawn. I shivered, drew the blanket up to my chin, and a sharp lump in the mattress gouged my back. Then I remembered.

I was in a mining town about thirty-five miles from Pittsburgh. I was in the upstairs bedroom of the household of the Konnechecks, at whose door I had appeared only yesterday, asking, "May I stay here?"

"Sure, sure," old Grandma Konnecheck had welcomed me, grinning a toothless grin, and wriggling her bare toes on the doorstep. "You stay. You sleep in Archie's bed. I make him sleep downstairs."

And so I had walked in, and here I was — in Archie's bed.

Burring! I leaped out of bed and shut off the noise whose shocking loudness desecrated the sleeping house and the dead stillness of the valley. Five o'clock. I looked out the window. Rolling mists enveloped the hilltops in clouds of greenish milkiness, drifted and shifted in the valley, filling it like a cup. Over there, the blurred black outline of the tipple of a mine. Below the window the narrow roadway of cinders, which leads down into the village. And everywhere the smell of coal.

"To-day," I said to myself, "I am to be a miner's child and go to Pittsburgh to beg for money to keep me from starving."

In the pallid light I set to work. I brushed my teeth — although I knew an authentic miner's child would not have done so — with the strange-tasting sooty rain water in the pitcher. Better that than the well water with its danger of typhoid. I neglected to wash my face, shook my hair, mussed from sleep into a shaggy thatch, took some eye shadow and drew blue circles around my lashes. Then I buckled my money belt about my waist. Now — clothes. A faded calico dress, ill-fitting, voluminous, with a tear in one sleeve. Too clean, this dress, but it would soon be grimy enough. No stockings, tennis shoes with holes in the toes. I took up a hand mirror and surveyed myself

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in the filtered light. Big eyes stared gravely back at me from a pale, pinched face. Yes, that was the way they looked. I drew my features into a hungry expression. I would do. I looked poverty stricken enough.

Down the rickety stairs into the cool, beautiful morning. Down the cindery road, stretching before me like a sleeping black snake. My feet crunched noisily in the stillness. Mist. I could feel my hair curling in its wetness. It settled on my bare arms and I shivered. Here was a little wooden bridge. I stopped to look down into the shallow yellow water rippling below. How I should love to bathe in its coolness. No bath yesterday, probably no bath for days to come. But this golden water was a poisonous solution, diluted sulphur from the body of the mine. It would make my hair fall out, Yren Konnecheck, aged ten, who looked fifteen, had told me yesterday.

"No baths?" I asked her anxiously.

"Bath?" doubtfully. "You could wash in the washtub."

"You could if you had a washtub," added her ragged little girl friend, who also looked fifteen, and must, therefore, be ten.

One by one, the silent shanties passed me. No lights in the windows. You didn't have to get up early any more, now that the strike was on. At the turn of the road, the square shape of the relief kitchen pierced the obscurity. Formerly it had been a tiny ramshackle candy-and-tobacco store, but the proprietor had been forced to shut down because the miners had no money. I could discern shadowy figures huddled on the broken steps.

"Hello, little missy," growled a hulking figure, "you're up early this mornin'."

"I want to see the picket."

"Well, stick around. You'll see the picket all right, all right."

I sat down on the steps and surveyed the group of miners. Broad-shouldered laborers who slouched and stooped. Leathery work-worn faces of European cast, frequently grizzly with mustache and beard. Trousers and shirts of uncertain hue — earth color. In the half light, they seemed strangely earthy with their hairy fists and faces, and guttural voices. They stood about in knots and jabbered in strange languages. Rapid mutterings, low exclamations, emphasized by jerkings of the head and hands. Now and then I thought I caught a word in English, strongly accented.

A young fellow with blond Russian features diffidently seated himself beside me. I turned to him and asked in a childish voice, "What are they sayin'? I can't hardly understand."

He grinned. "Oh, they all talk at onct in different languidges. They can't understand each other no better'n you. They just like to argue."

"What languidges?"

"Slovak, Lithuanian — oh, all kinds. They talk about the strike."

"You goin' on the picket?"

"Sure."

"You go every day?"

"Sure."

A stalwart red-haired man appeared in the doorway of the relief kitchen.

"You're a stranger, ain't you? You hungry?"

Thank heaven, I thought, I look hungry. "Well," I replied, "I ain't had no breakfast yet."

"You can git coffee and bread when you get back from the picket."

"But I'm goin' with the kids to Pittsburgh. They start at six."

"Yeah? You goin' with the kids? Ever been to Pittsburgh?"

"I been there once," I answered truthfully.

"Yeah? Where you livin'?"

"I know," a man spoke up unexpectedly, "to the Konnechecks."

"Grandma Konnecheck? Sure, I know her. Slovak family. What are they to you? A relation?"

"Naw, I just board." I dreaded the next question, "What are you doing here?" I did not want to answer, "I'm a college student come among you to study your way of existing." But the dangerous question did not come. Instead:

"If you ain't got enough to eat up there, we got beans and potatoes here."

My disguise, I inwardly exulted, is complete. "Beans and potatoes is good food," I said hypocritically.

"Sure, when you're hungry. But you get damn sick of it."

A diminutive little girl appeared without warning out of the mist.

"Hello, Mary," said John.

Mary strode up to us. Such a scrawny child. I could not guess her age. Her peaked little

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face bore the sophistication of a mature woman, but its outlines were so young. She was dressed in sky-blue georgette, sadly wrinkled and soiled, but elaborately pleated and embroidered. It had no sleeves, and her bony little arms, thus left unprotected, were purple with cold. The sheer transparency of the material revealed the scarcity of her underwear and generous portions of her undernourished little frame. She wore coarse silk stockings, one long run thoroughly sewed up with thick thread, and old cut-out strap slippers much too large, with spike heels wickedly high — higher than I had ever ventured. But Mary balanced herself upon them in an assured and sturdy gait. Her face had an unwashed look, but her straight hair was nicely combed, and she had even attempted waves by means of numerous "bobby" pins. John made the introductions.

"This here's Laurie."

Mary nodded. "I seen you yesterday. I couldn't think who you was. I thought I never seen such a strange face."

Then I did look strange. In my anxiety, I forgot to speak in the vernacular.

"Did you mean my face was strange, or that it was a face you had never seen before?"

She laughed, a short husky laugh devoid of childishness. "Your face ain't no funnier'n other peoples'. I thought you was a kid I hadn't never seen before." I breathed relief.

II

More miners had been constantly arriving. Now a crowd of about fifty men had collected. It was time for the picket to start.

"Two by two. We got to be in order. . . . What mine we goin' to to-day? P. and W. . . . They workin' to-day? . . . We got to hurry. . . ."

The sun was not up yet. In the veiled light, the group shuffled into a long double line and moved off down the road in the opposite direction from which I had come.

"Come on." Mary dragged me forward. "We got to be back by six, though."

We hurried after the receding picket and became the last couple of marchers. Other stragglers caught up, and followed behind us, so that to my surprise I found myself actually one of the picket — and feeling proud of it.

We marched on into the village — the "patch," as the miners called the group of hovels in which they lived, clustered about the mine where they worked. Crunch, crunch over the line of black cinders which separated the houses on either side. Shacks which were nothing but boards badly thrown together. Row after row, all alike. House ran into house like clod into clod. The earth about their doors was smooth and black, barren of grass or trees. It made a strange contrast, this little black village, to the luxuriant green hills in the distance over which the mists still hung.

Women in draggled dresses and unkempt locks, some with shawls over their heads, and ragged children in bare feet ran out of the houses and joined the picket.

"Which mine you goin'?" shrilled a woman.

"P. and W.," shouted back several of the men at once.

A strapping woman appeared, heavy with pregnancy, and carrying a little child on a vigorous arm. As she joined the picket, a man spoke to her roughly.

"What does he say?" I asked Mary. "Can you understand?"

"He's speakin' Hungarian. That's what my pop speaks. He says she hadn't ought to bring the baby. Maybe there'll be trouble with the cops and it might get hurt."

The woman had replied with a defiant toss of the head.

"She says she'd like to see the cops try anything on her."

We were approaching the mine. Next to it, the slag heap reared from the earth like a miniature gray mountain. The monotony of its grayness was relieved by a series of reddish lines, running from the summit to the level. These were channels hollowed out by rain, and the iron ore made them red. Fine curls of smoke rose languidly from the gray mass.

I looked away to the hills in the distance. It struck me that a group of them was the same stark gray color as the slag heap. Mary said that they were slay dumps — coal mixed with slate, and therefore no good. I asked a man behind us how long it took to pile up a hill that size.

"Maybe seventeen, maybe twenty year."

"You shovel all that?"

"Yeah."

"You get paid for it?"

"No. We only git paid for coal."

Mary began to sing in a strong, husky voice:

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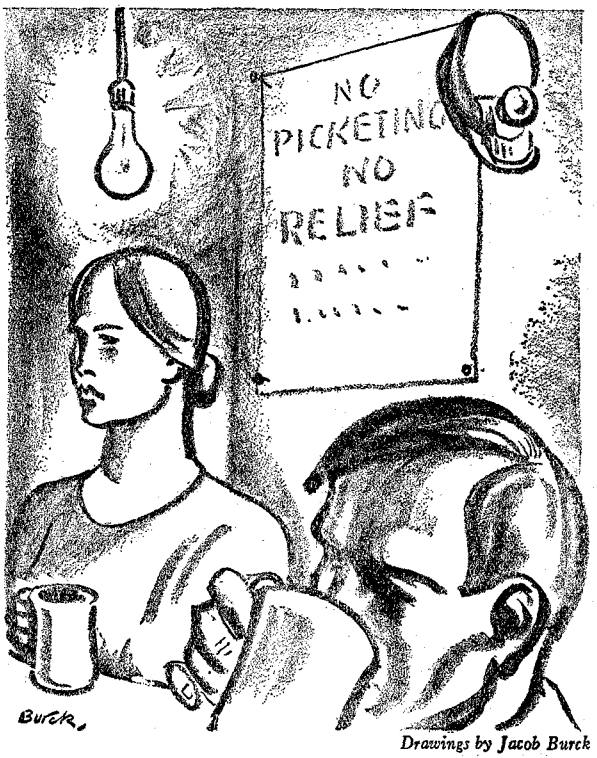
The operators say the pay they give
Is *no*-body's business.
The operators say the way we live
Is *no* —

"Can it, kid," said the man. "Cops, they shut your mouth for you."

"Let 'em come, just let 'em come!" Mary tossed her head in the manner of the woman with the baby.

Just as we reached the mine, the cops did come. Four of them in a big Buick. In their smart uniforms, their imposing helmets with leather straps under the chin, they looked very much like tin soldiers. The state police. Under the hostile swaggering stares of the miners, their faces wore the impassive non-expression of lifeless dummies. This was my first glimpse of the American police as they appear to the laboring man in revolt. I too felt swelling in my bosom a curious feeling of hostility.



Drawings by Jacob Burck

The police car drove up and down, counted the number of the picket, and drove off.

"They do that every morning," Mary informed me. "Sometimes they kick the kids off the picket."

"Do you ever have fights?"

"Yeah, sometimes. Never kin tell when something is goin' to happen. My pop's in jail for sassin' the police. I gotta tear bomb in my nose onct. God! I thought I'd die!"

"Does the picket fight with the miners?"

"The picket *is* miners."

"With the scabs," I amended.

"Not any more. Now they just walk up and down two or three times, and then go back to the relief for to git coffee. That there Annie Sherman," she pointed to another little girl plodding along ahead of us, "sometimes she don't git on the picket. If it rains, she don't. Afeared to git wet," scornfully. "And she goes and gits coffee to the relief just the same, the dirty scab. Christ, I hate her!"

"How old are you, Mary?"

"I'm thirteen. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Twenty-two! I thought you was about fifteen."

We were marching up and down in front of the mine now — a yawning black hole in the hillside with railroad tracks running into it. In front of it, on the tracks, stood a coal car full of men. Other men were arriving, dressed in grimy shirt or overalls, a pit lamp attached to their caps, and dinner pails dangling from their fists. Other men were pushing mules about. The scene was alive with activity, but a curiously silent activity. I heard only subdued mutterings. Figures dashed about in the mistiness, the picket line stalked silently back and forth, and the giant head of the tipple towered bleak and black against the sky.

Suddenly a voice arose from the picket.

"I'm hun-ngr-r-ry," it quavered. "You dirty scabs! Takin' the bread out of my children's mouths."

The faces of the arriving scabs were set rigidly. They walked on, with heads erect, looking neither to the right nor to the left, pretending to be deaf to insult, disdainful of recrimination. I felt sorry for them.

A brawny colored miner approached with his dinner bucket.

"You dirty black scab!" shouted the man behind us. "We don't want no black meat!" The Negro advanced without turning his head.

Through it all, a man leaned against a tool shed and coolly watched the proceedings.

"That there's the super," whispered Mary.

"Moosilini," muttered the man behind us. "Ol' *Moo*-silini!" I afterward learned that "Moosilini" was an epithet applied indiscriminately to mine officials, mine owners, and capitalists in general.

Someone at the head of the line began to shout something, but his voice suddenly died.

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The cops had come back again.

"Keep in line there," growled a cop — to whom I could not tell; it seemed to me that they were all in line. When the police had driven off again, Mary said, "It's gettin' late. Let's hurry." She dragged me out of line and we left the picket at a rapid pace.

"Let's run," I suggested.

"I can't run in these here high heels."

"How can you walk in them at all?" I marveled.

"I ain't got no other shoes. I got these off the relief. They're too big fer me, but they ain't no holes in 'em. . . . You got good shoes, ain't you? They just fit."

I looked down at my toes, peeping through their ragged covering.

"They're good to walk in," I said.

III

We arrived at the relief.

On the plate glass windows could still be seen the lettering, "Coca Cola," and "Drink Red Top Malt Extract," but these signs were now replaced and almost effaced by others. Straight across the window in large, black, handpainted letters stared the words, "National Miners' Relief Station. Help the Starving Miners," and below, in whitewashed letters, "No Picketing, No Relief." Here and there, tacked to the framework, hung smaller signs, chalked in red and blue. "Local meeting, today, 7:00 P. M." "Y. C. L. meets Saturday, 2:00." "White and colored must be brothers in this war. Shoulder to shoulder and struggle, comrades, and put a smile on your face when you get in wrong with scabs. Strike committee order." "Don't let the bosses ride on your back. Let's get together and ride on their backs. Don't be a scab. Be a man, not a scab." *Etc.*

Mary ran in.

"Got some coffee?" she demanded of the red-haired man, who seemed to be the cook.

"Sure," he smiled. "Got sugar, too. Help yourself."

I stood in the doorway and surveyed the interior of the relief. There was nothing much to see but the long bare counter and the vacant shelves, empty except for a collection of bowls, cups, and spoons, and a pair of high-topped woman's shoes. On one end of the counter lay a sheaf of printed leaflets entitled, "The Daily Worker," and at the other end, the man was busily cutting up loaves of bread. He slit them in halves the long way, and chopped the halves into four parts each. Mary had taken a cup from the shelf, dipped it full of coffee from a huge kettle at the back of the store, and now she sat on the counter, swinging her legs, and nibbling and sipping.

"Don't you want no coffee?" said the man to me as I hung back. "Don't be scared. Take some bread. Ain't you hungry?" He dipped up a cup of black coffee and held it out to me. Reluctantly I accepted the food. Mine was gone before Mary's was.

"I can't eat fast," she explained. "It makes me sick to eat fast."

"Take some more coffee," the man urged me. "We ain't got enough bread this morning fer two hunks apiece, but there's plenty coffee." I shook my head, but he insisted. "You wanna eat when you got the chanct."

The coffee was the worst I had ever tasted, but I took more. Before I had managed to swallow half of it, we heard a burst of song, and a truck full of children drove up. I set down the cup.

"Drink it!" roared my relentless host. "Finish it! There ain't no hurry."

The truck was crowded with a horde of ragged children, all singing at the top of their lungs. I caught the words,

Wave scarlet banner
Tri-*um*-phant-lee!

I looked at the clothing of the other little girls. They were, as Mary, dressed in finery infinitely more pitiful than my faded calico. One pair of pipe-stem legs, dangling from the rear end of the truck, terminated in bronze satin slippers, very much run over at the heels and frayed at the toes, and decorated with enormous rhinestone buckles. They were so much too big for the bare feet that their owner had resorted to holding them on by means of black elastic garters over the instep.

"These children," I thought, "have dressed themselves in their best clothes to go begging." I later learned that they had borrowed shoes from one sister, stockings from another, a handkerchief here, a hair clasp there, in order to be decently and completely dressed for the occasion.

"Where'd you git your dress, Mary?"

"Off the relief. Ain't you got no clothes from the relief?"

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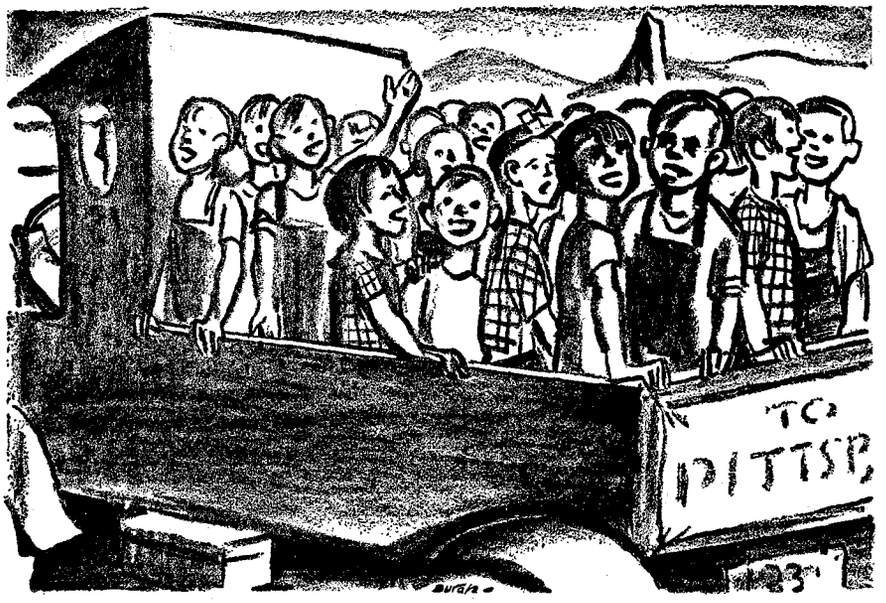

"I got another dress," I apologized. "But I'm savin' it. Is this all right?"

"Sure," Mary reassured me, "it's all right." She put her arm around me protectingly and pulled me toward the truck. We clambered aboard.

"All set?" called the driver.

"Yes!" screamed the children. But just as we were about to start off, the cops rolled up again. The picket was just returning. They stopped short in their tracks and watched. There was a dead silence. Everybody waited for something to happen.

"You're not allowed to do this," one of the cops said to the driver. "You ain't got a permit."

"We're goin'," replied the driver shortly.

"You get off the road," ordered the cop in suppressed, and it seemed to me, helpless fury. "And let me warn you," he included the inspectors in his glance, "this can't go on much longer. If you kids go to town, we'll lock you up, you hear?"

Silence.

"Get off the road!"

The driver steered the truck to the side of the road, and the cops drove away, amid the jeers of the children. They began to sing.

> The cops are havin' a hell of a time,
> Parlez-vous!
> The cops are havin' a hell of a time,
> To keep us off the picket line.
> Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous!

But the miners did not raise their voices. They just stood there, speechless, rooted to the spot.

When the cops' Buick had disappeared over the horizon, the driver again started the motor, and this time we were really off. As we rumbled along, the children began an endless series of songs, which continued all the way to Pittsburgh. Their repertoire was limited, but they made up for it by enthusiastic and untiring repetition.

"Why ain't you singin', Laurie?"

"I don't know the words." But I soon learned them. The following was a general favorite and made the little boys grin and spit.

> Oh, my country, oh, my country,
> How I love each bloomin' spot!
> Ain't it funny how for money
> You can be a pay-triot.
>
> Boom the business, boom the business,
> Says Hoover to his lot.
> Sell apples, clean the sidewalks,
> And you'll be a pay-triot.

"Who taught you these songs?" I asked Mary.

"The organizers."

"Who's the organizers?"

"He is, and she is, too." She pointed to a young man of about twenty and a young girl of about eighteen, who stood together in the front of the truck. They were both of Jewish countenance, dressed as poorly as the rest of us, and the girl was really beautiful. They seemed to be in charge of the expedition.

"Who's she?" I demanded of Mary.

"Comrade Shirley. He's Comrade Jack."

We drove onward over the macadam road, passing other mining towns which looked exactly like ours, black spots on the green landscape. It was crowded and stuffy in the truck. Skinny arms twined around my neck as the children held to the jolting sides. They breathed into my face and clutched my hands with clammy fists. I remembered the scarlet fever quarantine sign I had seen on one of the shanties on the patch.

The childrens' lips turned blue, but the cool air was exhilarating to me. It made goose flesh stand out on my rounded, well-fed arm.

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"You're cold, Laurie," observed a little girl near me. "You put on my coat," and she began to slip it from her shoulders.

"I don't mind. I like the cold."

But she mistook my physical pleasure for her own stoicism. "You put on my coat." She held it out.

"No, no, no, keep it!" I protested. "You'll be cold, yourself."

"Take it," said Mary, and she and her friend forced me to put on the coat. It was the dirtiest and most dilapidated little coat I had ever seen.

The children were stiff from standing in the crowded truck for so long. But they kept on singing.

Here's to the Y. C. L.
Build it up, build it up.
Here's to the Y. C. L.
That makes us fight like hell.
Build it up.
For one big union. . . .
Marching for the prolitariat.

"What's the Y. C. L.?"

Mary stared. "Don't you know? The Young Communists' League."

"Oh."

Long haired preachers come out every night.
Try to tell us what's wrong and what's right.
But when asked about something to eat,
They answer in voices so sweet.

Chorus: You'll eat by and by
In that glorious land above the sky
Way up high.
Work and pray,
Live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.
(That's a lie.)

Working men of all countries unite.
Side by side we for freedom will fight.
When the world and its wealth we have gained,
To those grafters we will sing this refrain:

Chorus: You will eat by and by,
When you've learned how to cook and to fry
Apple pie.
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet by and by.
(That's no lie.)

"Do you believe in God?" I asked a little Italian. He regarded me with withering scorn.

"Naw," and he turned his back.

"I'm hungry," stated another youngster in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Sure you're hungry," said Comrade Jack. "We're all hungry. We'll get eats when we get to Pittsburgh." He began to sing a new song in a strong baritone. The girl joined in.

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation,
Arise, ye wretched of the earth.
For justice thunders condemnation.
A better world's in birth.

The song had an arresting and beautiful melody. I listened intently.

No more tradition's chains shall bind us.
Arise, ye slaves, no more enthralled.
The world shall rise on new foundations,
Ye have been naught, ye shall be all.

The children seemed not to know this song very well. The words were a bit hard for them. But the boy and the girl sang on with heads thrown back. At the chorus they raised their right arms, palms facing outward.

'Tis the final conflict.
Let each stand in his place.
The International Soviet
Shall be the human race.

Comrade Jack and Comrade Shirley! Then I knew what that song was. It was the "International." It was beautiful.

Pittsburgh! Pittsburgh was coming. The children were excited. Many of them had never been away from the patch before. We rolled breathlessly into the city.

"Be sure and keep to the back streets," Comrade Jack instructed the driver. And so we traveled by way of the slums.

The people on the streets stared at us, but it seemed to me without surprise. Some of them waved to us. Others frowned. We passed another truckload of children with whom we exchanged frantic greetings. The police of Pittsburgh were on every corner. So far, they had not chosen to notice us. The children had not ceased singing.

One, two, three,
Young Communists are we.
We're fighting for the working class
Against the bourgoisie.

Four, five, six,
Happy Bolsheviks.
We go out on the picket line,
Despite the vicious dicks.

Suddenly we heard a shrill whistle. Two policemen stood in the street in front of us, and one of them was holding up his hand, his face purple with rage.

"Stop your car!" he shouted.

To Be Concluded in Our Next Issue

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The Kidnaping Profession

by **RALPH E. RENAUD**

THROUGHOUT these years of depression one American industry, and one alone, has developed into an astounding success. Cradled in an organization as complete as either of our political parties, managed by astute and ruthless brains, advertised more effectively than any other business, it is now full grown and phenomenally profitable. It is "the Snatch."

Wherever economic pressure has reduced the returns of the liquor traffic, the curve of kidnaping has gone up. When Canada prohibited the export of liquor to the United States, kidnaping in Detroit, one of the great rum-running centers, immediately increased. When Al Capone, descending on Lake Michigan from Cicero, seized the gambling and beer business of Chicago, and all the profits started to run one way, kidnaping boomed. Recently New York, flooded by cheap whisky in a falling market, watched kidnaping move boldly from the mean streets of Little Italy to the luxury of Broadway. You can see the thing pulsate.

Just as bootlegging is the child of prohibition, so kidnaping is its grandchild. To his glad surprise, the criminal has discovered that the new crime pays him better. His investment is virtually nothing. He sells nothing but the freedom of his victim, which costs him nothing. There is no fence to take ninety per cent of his profits. As yet the political cut is very little, though here and there politics is beginning to crash in on the proceeds. There are organization expenses, to be sure, and attorneys' fees — always attorneys' fees. Theoretically the legal hazards are heavy, some states imposing the death penalty. Actually, the risk is not great.

And the returns are simply enormous. Around the turn of the century when Bulgarian bandits kidnaped Ellen Stone, an American missionary, and exacted $90,000 for her life this nation was goggle-eyed at such a staggering ransom, which supposedly hung up an all-time record. But last year, in the United States, Michael Katz, a wealthy Kansas City chain drug store merchant, had to pay $100,000 for his release from kidnapers. Fred J. Blumer, President of the Blumer Products Corporation, of Monroe, Wisconsin, was offered his freedom for $150,000. Dr. Isaac Kelley, a St. Louis practitioner, was held for $150,000. Indeed, in fourteen cases in St. Louis a total of $563,000 is said to have been demanded. So there was no particular excitement when, early this year, James Hackett, a Chicago gambler, was assessed $220,000 for his liberty (the top price so far recorded), though he says he didn't pay it. In every case of prominence in the last two years the asking price of the kidnapers has been not less than fifty thousand. In too many cases it has been collected.

Such glittering plunder has stirred up considerable conversation in the underworld. The liquor traffic still supplies criminals with their big money, but it is sifting into fewer and fewer hands with a bigger and bigger shakedown in the overhead. It is still the most "respectable" of the criminal rackets. But I ask you, isn't it a bit galling to these respectable old beer barons and distinguished purveyors of whisky to watch their cast-offs and former rod men cleaning up like lucky novices at Monte Carlo? It is. So much so, indeed, that some of the best organizers in the rum trade have passed over into this fresh and fertile field.

Those who remain are doing plenty of thinking and planning, even rehearsing. Occasionally one takes a flyer in the new racket on a stake percentage basis. There isn't a man of brains in the liquor trade who doesn't know that prohibition is doomed — that the repeal in one form or another is on the way. The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment

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estimated the national liquor bill for 1929 at $2,848,000,000, an almost absurdly conservative figure. Does anyone in his senses imagine that the criminal classes intend ever to forego that revenue?

Well, hardly. The technique of a newer felony is already well established, perfected by their confederates. It is in operation now on a syndicate basis throughout many states. They plan to use it on a national scale. There is no secret about it. They admit it. When liquor becomes legal, kidnaping will sweep this country like an epidemic. And the rather shattering question the boss racketeer propounds is: "What are you going to do about it?"

"Legitimate Victims"

Nobody knows. Nobody knows how widespread kidnaping is in the United States at present, unless the underworld keeps its own statistics. There is no doubt that it is increasing with startling rapidity. Its manifestations are so recent that the Wickersham Commission, appointed to study crime conditions in this country, failed to include it in its reports. Indeed, the organized kidnaping of adults was largely confined before 1930 to the underworld itself, or to the half-world where the character of the victims was to an extent an insurance against police interference.

In the last two years, however, the criminals have reached confidently, almost nonchalantly, into our finest homes. Bankers, doctors, brokers, merchants, industrialists — anyone with money enough to be stripped — have been abducted and despoiled. In the argot of the trade, these victims are referred to as "legitimate." The police have been well aware of this trend, but it took the spectacular theft of the Lindbergh baby to focus an outraged public attention on kidnaping as a national menace.

Of course, not half the kidnapings are reported, not even all the "legitimate" ones. The family of the victim may be so terrorized that it does not dare notify the police and wishes only to raise and pay the ransom as quickly and secretly as possible. Or the victim himself may prefer to shun the police after his release. Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney tells me that the New York police are not asked to act in one kidnaping out of three. In St. Louis, where the business is better organized, police think about one case in ten is reported.

Nevertheless, it is possible to get some idea of the extent to which abduction for ransom has grown in this land of liberty. At a hearing this spring before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, Chief of Police Joseph A. Gerk, of St Louis, submitted reports from 501 American cities showing 279 cases of kidnaping in the year previous. This covered only the larger cities. Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, chairman of Chicago's "Secret Six," recently estimated that there are now 2000 kidnapings a year in the United States, 400 of them being credited to Chicago alone.

A kidnaping gang, to operate successfully, requires from seven to ten members, according to Cleveland Newton, former State and Federal Prosecutor of Missouri. Assuming Colonel Randolph's figure of 2000 cases to be approximately correct, this means (statistically) that somewhere between fourteen and twenty thousand persons in the United States were engaged in the business of kidnaping last year, though due allowance must be made for duplication of crimes. In the same period reports from 1000 cities reveal exactly 69 convictions for kidnaping. As I said before, the risk is not great.

Once a kidnaping in the modern manner is planned, almost invariably with a lawyer's help, the first operative required is the "finger man." He does not take part in the actual kidnaping. It is his duty to study the life and habits of the intended victim, to establish friendly contact with butlers and maids, to get the "lay" of the home which is to be invaded. While he is at work other members of the gang are preparing hideouts. If the organizer is clever, these may be established in as many as three or even four states, the first to be not more than 100 miles from the scene of the crime, but across the state line.

When "the snatch is ripe" the "spotter" goes into action accompanied by several armed "punks." In this mechanized crime the swift automobile is a necessary factor, because the gangs have learned that the police are always more successful in solving a case that remains within the jurisdiction of a single state. The victim is bundled into the car at the point of a gun and whirled, blindfolded, to the nearest hideout. If the pursuit gets hot he is "lifted"

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to another state, or to a community where the kidnapers can command police protection. Meanwhile "the Voice" starts his work. It is his job to contrive a contact with the stricken family and arrange the terms of the ransom, avoiding the mails if he can. Torture applied to the victim to make him assist the Voice is becoming a common feature of these abductions. Finally, the ransom is or is not paid, the victim is released or killed, as the case may be, and the gang is ready for its next enterprise. This is a simple outline of a highly complicated crime, with legal and police aspects so baffling that the law enforcement agencies of the nation are virtually paralyzed before it.

Within a short period "legitimate" kidnapings have occurred in Kansas City, St. Louis, Detroit, Denver, Des Moines, Los Angeles, Chicago, and St. Paul. Hollywood is more or less in a frenzy of terror, though there it is impossible to tell how much of it is stimulated by moving picture press agents. Smaller places such as Niles, Ohio; Tucson, Arizona; and Galena, Illinois have all contributed their quota.

The Rosenthal Case

The first "legitimate" kidnaping in New York City was that of Charles M. Rosenthal, a young broker, who was "snatched" last August. The technique of the kidnapers didn't compare with that of the mid-west mobs, and four of them were tried and convicted. Justice Joseph E. Corrigan gave them each sixty years in the penitentiary to work out improvements.

Rosenthal led a rather gay career in the night clubs. Nicholas Rutigliano, alias Green, part owner of the Hotel Vendig, who had liquor and gambling connections in the various joints, conceived the idea of a "snatch." He called Marcus Blumenthal, alias Jack Markham, and revealed his notion. Blumenthal objected to the fact that Rosenthal was "legitimate." But Rutigliano outlined what he regarded as an ingenious scheme to make him "illegitimate."

Shortly thereafter Rosenthal received a phone call from a girl with a pleasant Southern accent who described herself as "Dorothy" and chattered of "mutual acquaintances"—the usual thing. Rosenthal made a date with her, but she failed to keep it. Yet she called him again and he was more anxious than ever to meet her. This "Dorothy" was actually Betty Stewart, alias Green, a Negress who could pass for white.

Rosenthal did meet her on August 11, and arranged to go home with her. It was really a vacant house to which she decoyed him. Just as they were going up the steps an automobile rolled up to the curb with some friends of "Dorothy." They were Blumenthal and two "punks," Theodore Adinolfi and Albert Sileo. "Dorothy" suggested that they all drive to a night club.

The instant Rosenthal got in the car he was covered by Adinolfi and Sileo and made to lie on the floor. Blumenthal had sublet a hideout in Harlem where Rosenthal was imprisoned seventeen days under the alternate guard of Sileo and Adinolfi. He was fed only sandwiches and made to wear glasses with paper pasted over the lenses.

Meanwhile, on August 12, the day after the kidnaping, Edward Nathan, Rosenthal's friend and attorney, received the first of eight communications. It was a brief note from Rosenthal himself, delivered by Western Union messenger, telling of the abduction and of a demand for $100,000. Subsequent notes ordered replies printed in the personal column of a morning paper. Rosenthal's mother had been called back from her summer holiday and these advertisements read: "Impossible to raise ante above fifty. Ed says acted completely good faith and guarantees to act absolutely alone in the matter." Nevertheless, properly and wisely as it turned out, Nathan was secretly guided throughout by the police.

He received instructions from the kidnapers to leave a bag containing the money, once in the Bronx and again in Cliffside, New Jersey. They did not show up. Finally he was told to register at the Hotel Vendig as C. Fletcher, of Washington, D.C., and take a room on the top floor. He was to leave the hotel at two A.M. and phone the clerk to put his bag (with the money in it) in the hotel checkroom. He obeyed implicitly. The next morning Rosenthal was handed a ten-dollar bill and dumped from a car in the Bronx.

Rosenthal told the police he "might as well have been in the Black Forest" for all he could see of the flat where he was held. But he had noted a medicine bottle labeled "Lowenstein's

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Pharmacy" and recalled blaring music in the early morning hours. The flat, around the corner from the Cotton Club — a Negro night club — was almost instantly located, with a description of the man who had rented it. An old moving van had also crawled past the Hotel Vendig the morning that Nathan checked out. It broke down just beyond the hotel entrance and lay there for several days. It had two small holes bored in its side and contained a couple of watchful detectives.

When Rutigliano grabbed Nathan's bag in the check room he promptly "weeded the roll" — that is, he pocketed half of the $50,000 and pretended to his accomplices that only the remainder had been left. This led to several mutually suspicious conferences at which the detectives, for all practical purposes, were present. Blumenthal and the two "punks" got only $6000 apiece. Betty Stewart had fled and got nothing. The numbers of the bills had been listed to the banks, of course, so that an alert young teller who was offered one of them and detained his customer for the police, simply clinched the case.

I referred to the growing tendency toward torture among kidnapers. Joseph ("Legs") Laman, who until he was sent to prison was head of a gang of seventeen which exploited Detroit, confessed to having pulled out the eyelashes of his victims, applied lighted matches, cigars, and cigarettes to their bodies, held hot irons close to their eyes, thrust knife blades into their flesh, and used them as targets in fancy shooting that just missed them. Freddy Strauss, an oil man of Kansas City, had bits of flesh torn off by pliers when he refused to dicker with his kidnapers. Louis Gandolpho, in New York, was continuously kicked and beaten for three days. The seven abductors of Morris Rutman, proprietor of a St. Paul dress shop, poured alcohol over his shoulders and legs and ignited it. Sergeant Leroy Steffens, operative for the Secret Six, testified before a Congressional Committee that kidnapers in Chicago had lowered their victims into water, shut off their wind, and threatened to thrust them into vats of quicklime. There is plenty more of this sickening stuff. It sounds like China.

Kidnaping is endemic in China. Whole provinces are looted, millions slaughtered and ravished. In one raid three thousand persons were kidnaped from the city of Kungshien. All law and order have collapsed in most of China. Bandits multiply like maggots. Will it be like that in America?

Keep Away from "Whiskers"

And the authorities? Are they powerless? Not quite, but almost. The police, where they remain honest and uncorrupted, do good work. Even crooked cops, who are themselves part of the liquor distributing system, will work against kidnapers unless directly contaminated. The federal organization is still strong, but sleepy. All mobsters have a motto: "Keep away from Whiskers." Whiskers is Uncle Sam.

But Uncle Sam is still dutifully carrying ransom letters and averting his eyes when kidnapers scamper across state lines, though if a stolen automobile is transported from Camden to Philadelphia he is right on the job. Kidnaping is not now a federal crime, but two sensible bills are at present before Congress. The first forbids "the transportation of any person or persons in interstate or foreign commerce, kidnaped or otherwise unlawfully detained," with a present penalty of death or imprisonment at the discretion of the court. The other provides for punishing the sending of any threat to kidnap through the mails by a $5000 fine or a term of twenty years.

Colonel Randolph, while urging this federal legislation, believes the solution may lie in a national organization of citizen committees such as the Secret Six. Justice Corrigan says: "Lance the abscess. Repeal prohibition. Stop breeding criminals. Stop financing them. Strip them of their revenue."

I fear even these suggestions won't do. What if they won't be stripped? They are intrenched — more so than you think — in our legislatures, in our parole boards, in our city governments, and in our whole political system, and they intend to remain so. As for the repeal of prohibition, it will, as I have said, merely stimulate kidnaping. In the long run I do not believe that organized kidnaping will give criminals the revenue illegal liquor does: the crime is not regarded complacently, and it rouses fight in the community. But until the kidnapers discover this for themselves, there will be such a visitation of abduction in the United States as no Western nation has imagined.

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Glorifying George

by **MARGARET DE F. DOTY**

THOUGH February twenty-second has been duly observed and crossed off the 1932 calendar, let no light-hearted citizen think that this George Washington Bicentennial affair is over; it is only well begun. Another flare-up is scheduled for June, and then there will be a series of minor patriotic outbursts popping through the summer and fall until the whole Bicentennial finishes in a blaze of Old Glory on Thanksgiving Day.

For this is no ordinary celebration, no simple genuflection to the memory of a beloved patriot. It has been heralded as the greatest mass-production patriotic enterprise the country has ever seen. It has, on the other hand, been deplored as making the country look slightly ridiculous. But both its applauders and belittlers base their opinions on the same indisputable fact; that the Washington Bicentennial marks the apotheosis of advertising and high-pressure salesmanship. In an effort to honor a very great man born two centuries ago, America is employing her most powerful, new-fangled invention; the twentieth-century propaganda engine is under a full head of steam. No Hollywood "find" ever had a bigger ballyhoo campaign than the one being given the Father of His Country. No million-dollar screen epic was ever better advertised than the current Celebration.

The first thing to be done in any personal publicity campaign is to get a good press photograph of the principal. Of course, this might seem hardly necessary in Washington's case, but the Bicentennial Commission was omitting nothing from the usual routine. And what could sound more Hollywooden than its specifications for a picture? We want, said the Commissioners in all seriousness, an acceptable likeness that will humanize Washington and at once portray him as engineer, statesman, and soldier, a "he-man with no trace of effeminacy."

To this end, six hundred portraits were narrowly scrutinized — portraits done in oil, pastel, pen and ink, water color, marble, needlework and tapestry — while little news bulletins on the progress of the search endeavored to keep the public breath bated. The Houdon bust was finally chosen. The Commissioners announced it as "the official likeness" and broadcast copies throughout the land. They got an extra bit of publicity and at the same time deftly forestalled any superpatriotic comebacks on the selection by proclaiming that this great honor bestowed upon a Frenchman was but a further contribution toward payment of the debt that Washington owed LaFayette. After this grandiloquent statement it was rather surprising to find that the prized portrait bore such a striking resemblance to the one on the ordinary two-cent stamp.

With the official likeness well distributed so that it daily confronted children in schools, business men in offices, and everybody in the newspapers — as well as on their morning mail — trained publicity men began ladling out human interest stories. The thousands of people who like Groucho Marx better because they have read that he makes wonderful spaghetti are now learning that George Washington invented ice cream. Fans who wonder whether Douglas Fairbanks picks out Mary Pickford's hats know for a fact that Washington bought his wife's dresses. As actors are compared to Booth and Irving, so Washington is being compared to Gandhi, Mussolini, and Napoleon. Young people are being told that he loved to dance, sailors that he loved the sea, farmers that he preferred farming to being President, and bootleggers that he spent more money on grog that on food.

"Washington's Clock Still Ticks"; "Washington Ancestry Traced to King David"; "Washington Once Book Agent"; "Washington First Man in America to Raise Mules" —

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these and many similar endearing tidbits in the newspapers are inundating the country.

Not even reciprocal advertising — that most modern device whereby movie stars advertise cigarettes and cigarettes advertise stars — is being neglected. A great number of things now advertise George Washington; and George Washington is advertising merchandise for not less than five hundred manufacturers. All with the heartiest blessing and coöperation of the government.

It is possible for a patriotic citizen who is not easily dizzied to celebrate this year by furnishing a room solely with George Washington. Chintz draperies may be bought studded with Washington's portrait; the most comfortable chairs may be upholstered with pictured scenes from his career. The children can eat their broccoli off his face, if you buy one of the new sets of china. The wall may be papered so that George Washington will ride all around the room on his white horse, over the bookcase, under the mirror, and down behind the davenport. Your lamps may be shaded with silhouettes of George and Martha neatly painted on parchment.

Certainly in one corner there would have to be a George Washington shrine. The shrines are the inspired invention of an electrical company which apparently is trying to establish George Washington as a sort of American successor to the *lares* and *penates* of Rome. The firm is in the market for prospective worshipers with a picture of George Washington flanked by two electric candles; twin flags drape the frame and the American eagle hovers above. Twelve dollars and fifty cents per shrine.

Good Old George!

Manufacturers having hopped on the bandwagon with such patriotic alacrity, the Commission decided to invite retailers, too. It got out a pamphlet entitled "Suggestions for Merchants and Department Stores" which already has been distributed to fifteen thousand department stores throughout the country, giving practical advice on how to increase and cash in on the fame of George Washington. Buyers are told what to buy, decorators how to dress up the windows, advertising managers how to use their newspaper space so that the Father of His Country may pull the store out of the red.

Desperate merchants are taking the advice. Washington penknives and Washington cigarette holders, not to mention an "adorable new nightie . . . just the sort of thing that Martha Washington must have worn" are on sale. Beige is now Washington buff. Continental blue and regimental scarlet are fashion-right shades for this summer. George Washington's picture, which for years has appeared in the discreet show windows of banks to advertise thrift departments, now appears behind much larger panes of plate glass amid succulent vegetables, eyeglasses, or cotton-lisle hose. Retailers have discovered that he once said, "It is not a custom with me to keep money to look at." Good old George!

Foreign cities wishing to get favorable notices in American papers are tearing down weathered street signs and substituting new ones that read "Washington Platz" or "Viale Giorgio Washington." The Hobo College of New York City flashed into prominence by proclaiming that George Washington was the first hobo. The W. C. T. U. got itself on the front pages of the newspapers by pointing out that he viewed liquor as "the source of all evil and the ruin of half the workmen in the country." The anti-prohibitionists got almost as good a break for their assertion that "far from considering whisky the embodiment of all evil . . . he looked upon it as a positive good and, indeed, a necessary of life." The writings of the First American bid fair to rival the Bible as a source of contradictory quotations.

History teachers, real estate developers, antique dealers, and old recipe savers are getting their names in the papers. Owners of old houses where Washington might have slept are snatching the chance to air their quarrels with historians. The United States Building and Loan League got in a neat bit of propaganda by reproving people for not buying homes when

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Washington fought in order that they might. A sculptor made a seven-foot bust of George Washington which no one knew what to do with but which rated a two-column cut in the papers.

Advance notices of the Celebration have been bruited with equal vigor. Hotels, business houses, railroads, and churches are being coaxed to give the festivities a puff on menu cards, calendars, time-tables, and in sermons. Chambers of Commerce are urged to "adopt resolutions of endorsement of the George Washington Celebration. (Form furnished by National Commission upon request.)"

That well-worn movie gag, "A trip to Hollywood and a contract in pictures for the girl who looks most like Greta Garbo," has been paraphrased into "A trip to Washington and the lead in the six-night pageant for the man who looks most like Washington." The dazzling invitation was published throughout the land. Hopefuls are rushing to their mirrors in every city and town, and their eager letters make fine newspaper copy. Parents write in recommending their sons, teachers their pupils, friends each other; by far the most offer themselves. This candidate can dance; that candidate cannot tell a lie. A music teacher in Mesa, Arizona, a bass singer in Hollywood, a grocer, and a hermit have nominated themselves.

Drawings by Georges Schreiber

"Our boy would be ideal. He always talked of becoming a general," wrote one confident mother. "I am lean, bony, rather jocular, and know the pranks of war," said an ambitious plumber. One applicant frankly stated, telling all in the first letter, that he had an excellent physique and military bearing but did not look at all like Washington "in the face." He had, in fact, a pug nose and heavy, lowering black brows. However, he felt sure that if he plucked his eyebrows and had the bridge of his nose built up by a plastic surgeon, he would do. One word of encouragement from the Commission and he would straightway undergo the facial surgery.

It is advertised that five thousand people will take part in this pageant. William S. Hart is being mentioned for the rôle of Patrick Henry.

So What?

The Commission has really done a remarkable job. To-day kindergarteners all over the country are nibbling the epaulets off chocolate George Washingtons, business men are struggling to look dignified in wigs and short pants, Sears Roebuck is gaining new fame putting up replicas of historical buildings in city parks, and women in bunting are posing in tableaux. Tens of thousands of branch George Washington Bicentennial Commissions are functioning smoothly on advice from the head office. It has taken two years of preparation and more than a million dollars of the taxpayers' money, but the name and face of George Washington are now to be seen in every likely and unlikely spot in America.

"Just what is the objective of this campaign," asked Representative Huddleston, when one of the Commission's large appropriation bills was up before the House, "of all this advertising, all this expenditure by the Washington Bicentennial Commission? Is it to convince the people of the country that George Washington was a great man and a patriot? Is it necessary to go to all this expense to convince us at this time that he was the Father of His Country? I am serious in asking that question. What are we trying to accomplish in spending this six or eight hundred thousand dollars?"

Representative Byrns, a member of the Commission, replied, "I believe it will be and is of great value, tremendous value in the sense that there is hardly a schoolroom in the United States which will not have information as to the life of George Washington which will prove an inspiration to its pupils."

"Putting up a picture of George Washington so that a child may be familiar with the physiognomy of the Father of His Country seems to me of very slight value in teaching that child to love his country," said Mr. Huddleston. "This hullabaloo is comparable to an effort to draw a crowd into a circus. It is

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belittling to Washington; it is belittling to our country. Every school child in the country is familiar with the history of George Washington. . . . We already have adequate sources of information."

Upon another occasion, the members of the House tackled Representative Sol Bloom, Associate Director of the Commission, to see if he could clear the matter up. He tried, but he was even less successful.

"We have been trying all along, that is the Commission has, to bring about a better condition in the unemployment situation in the country," he explained, "so as to have more people employed in manufacturing goods."

"If the gentleman and the Commission are holding themselves out as an employment agency, as an employment bureau, or possibly posing as part of the reconstruction program, they are in error," objected Representative Michener, "because that is not within the scope of the authority of the act creating the Commission."

In fact, no explanation the Commission has ever made wholly satisfied the House. Finally, Representative La Guardia made a very blunt remark: "It has been said that the Commission is advertising George Washington. Not at all. Certain members of the Commission are exploiting George Washington."

This is a suspicion to which a good many people are reluctantly succumbing. They feel that the Government is not so much conducting a great national symphony of respect to the Father of His Country as it is promoting a nine months' marathon race for publicity hounds.

There is, naturally, a widespread timidity about expressing such suspicions. People fear that to mention any doubts would be to expose themselves to the charge of being irreverent, if not downright Communistic. Everyone realizes how dismally such an issue may be confused — how disapproval of the current Celebration might be taken for criticism of George Washington, even though the two have almost nothing in common.

The fact remains that the government lowered the barrier, and the publicity hounds sprang after that elusive electric rabbit, Fame. The race is a pretty big one. It might even be a close one if it were not for Sol Bloom. He will undoubtedly win, breezing. For Sol Bloom jumped the gun. It was he, indeed, who started this movement to paint the land red, white, and blue.

Starring Sol Bloom

The Bicentennial Commission proper was formed in 1924, composed of four Representatives, four Senators, and eight appointees of the President. The President, the Vice President, and the Speaker of the House are honorary members. In the six years that it functioned without Sol Bloom, the Commission did, you might say, very little. It provided for the construction of a highway, a parkway, and one or two other permanent memorials of a dignified nature, but nothing pyrotechnical.

Mr. Bloom, an energetic Representative from New York, is a self-made man who has successfully transformed footholds into niches in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. He has risen to the top of various businesses: brush making, theater building, music publishing, apartment house construction. He has been a hoochy-cooch dancer entrepreneur, and he built the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago World's Fair. It was only as a Congressman in Washington that Mr. Bloom remained obscure.

In 1930, however, he looked at the Commission and saw there a great opportunity, an opportunity that he had been trying to create for himself ever since he first came to Washington, and one which, unperceived by anyone else, was going to waste. Until he conceived the idea of injecting a little hot-cha-cha into the Bicentennial Celebration, he had never found a government job that gave any scope to his talents as a high-class promoter. Here, at last, was a task of which he felt he could make resounding boomeranging success. Mr. Bloom contrived to have himself appointed associate director of the Bicentennial Commission.

Since Mr. Bloom was the first person ever to get the idea of "selling George Washington to the country," it is perhaps only right and natural that he should be the one to cash in most heavily on the sale. He is doing it. Already the name Sol Bloom is uniquely famous from coast to coast. He takes an honest pride in the fact and, indeed, in the noisiness of the whole Celebration. And he once summed up his patriotic achievement in a single eloquent sentence. "We may make mistakes," he said, "but we are advertising in every possible way."

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Indirect Relief

What Is Its Relation to the Breadline?

by **W. M. KIPLINGER**

GRUMBLING is heard in the land these days because the federal government is making relief loans to banks, railroads, insurance companies, mortgage companies, and other financial institutions, yet is resisting the idea of relief loans or relief gifts to needy individuals. It is made to appear that public policy is to extend a helping hand to distressed corporations, but to withhold help from jobless individuals. It is said that bankers may file past the government's paying window and carry away ten millions, but that the hungry man is not provided with comparable facilities for borrowing ten dollars.

The sentimental and emotional appeal in these contrasts is very great. There is obvious merit in direct aid to the jobless, whether it be in terms of two bits or two billions, for the hungry man is fed and the donor feels a sneaking satisfaction in his generosity. The merit of indirect aid is less obvious, because its processes are more complicated.

The purpose of this discussion is to show that government loans to banks, railroads, and other corporations mean jobs for individuals; that theoretically the government measures for so-called indirect aid are potentially more productive of actual help to distressed individuals than direct gifts to those individuals.

It is *not* the purpose of this discussion to prove that the big idea behind government aid to corporations is actually working out as well as was intended. It is successful in part; it is faulty in part. Government loans to banks have made many jobs, and have prevented the loss of others, but have failed thus far to recreate jobs as freely as was generally expected some months ago.

The idea behind indirect relief, however, is sound, practical, feasible, and productive. It is infinitely superior to the gift, the charity contribution, the so-called "dole." Indirect relief may not be a full substitute for direct relief, for in the fruition of the indirect plans there is a lag. Human misery is acute and cannot always be satisfied with vague promises implied in a sound idea.

The danger in public thinking at the present time lies not so much in the seeming hard-heartedness of trying to relieve the jobless family by lending government money to a bank, as in the soft-heartedness of taking the easy way of handing alms to the family. Charity is the lazy way. Rehabilitation of the entire economic structure of the nation or the community is the hard way, but the better way. Emphasis needs to be kept on the latter method, the indirect method, in these days when the persistence of distress is apt to weary the mind which is trying to figure the constructive way out. The trouble is not with the public heart, for the heart is always soft. The trouble is with the public mind, which needs prodding.

Reduce the nation or the community to the simple terms of a neighborhood. Imagine that ten of us live in the neighborhood, and that each of the ten families is more or less dependent for support on all the others. One of us is out of work; he and his family must be maintained. Nine of us have $100 each — total $900 of readily available credit. Shall we take some part of this and give to the jobless family? Yes, we probably shall, for the need of food is not postponable. But the jobless family is still jobless; in due course the entire $900 of the community will be consumed, and in the end the derelict family, perhaps through no fault of its own, is still with us. The net gain is nothing.

Instead of donating or lending direct, suppose the nine going families pool part of their

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current credit, and direct that the pool be used to create employment for the one idle man — house painting, tree trimming, screen doors, baby tending, car repairing. No one of us wants all these things done for him, so we must have an agent. We appoint one of the nine to serve as agent. We "lend" him the $900, or part of it. He hires the otherwise idle man for all the neighborhood jobs. The jobless man now has a job; his family is supported without the shame of charity. Other neighborhoods do likewise. Out of earnings of the community, the $900 loan is repaid to each of us. There is net gain for all. The situation has been handled with intelligence.

The example, though simple, is not silly. It is precisely what the whole nation is trying to do. The nine neighbors represent the public at large, most members of which are employed (though the proportion of employed is less than 9 to 1). The one jobless man represents the millions of unemployed. The neighborhood agent represents the banker. As the nine neighbors lend jointly to their agent, so does the national government, acting for its individual members, lend to banks, railroads, insurance companies, and other financial institutions, who thereupon become public agents.

If the neighborhood agent, feeling his responsibility to the nine leaders, fails to hire the one jobless man for fear the work will not be profitable to the community, then there is a halting and a faltering. The community does not gain, and the obligation of supporting the idle member still exists.

If a bank or a railroad company, feeling its deep responsibility as agent for the credit borrowed from the community or nation, fails to develop some means of hiring men or enabling others to hire men, then the scheme fails by whatever extent this is done.

Where the Banker Comes In

The banker by himself is nothing in the relief picture, except as an individual member of the community worthy of his hire. He is entitled to no more consideration than the ash man, the carpenter, the doctor, or the teacher. The bank stock owner may be in the relief picture, but he is close to the rim. It is the *depositor* in the bank, the *borrower* from the bank, who is entitled to prime consideration, and for whom relief is intended when the government lends to the bank.

The bank in distress is like a ship in distress. It must be saved — first for the passengers, second for the crew, third for the cargo, and fourth for the owner.

The distance between bank and breadline may seem long, but actually is short, though not always straight. Any well-clothed, well-fed individual who ever walked past a breadline knows the shame he feels — almost a preposterous shame of not being in the line. Let the same individual saunter next morning into a bank and observe the anxious man sitting on the edge of his chair alongside the desk of a vice president. If the anxious man can negotiate the loan, he will run the plant four days a week instead of three, or he will buy stockers and feeders for the farm, or he will buy materials for six weeks ahead instead of two weeks. He will keep going, or go better. The problem of the anxious man on the edge of the chair at the bank is closely related to the problem of the breadline, for he is the capitalist, or the manager, or the entrepreneur who by his conduct adds to or subtracts from the breadline.

If the bank is cluttered with loans which cannot be paid now, but which probably will be paid later, and if deposits have fallen off, the bank may be technically "strong" but it is not "liquid." It may have ample assets, but it has no great lending power. It is a reservoir of the community's credit, but the credit is not flowing in and out.

The bank's first job is to conserve its depositors' deposits, and to be prepared to return the money when it is required. The bank's second job is to lend its available money or credit (which belongs partly to the bank, but mainly to the depositors) to borrowers of the community who will use it advantageously and be reasonably sure to repay it. The bank's third job is to make money for its stockholders.

When the bank is tight on loans, it is looking mainly to its first job of protecting deposits. It is scared — perhaps with reason. It does not do its second job of serving its borrowing customers, who are in fact the depositors. The community takes fright and withdraws deposits. The bank becomes more frightened. Thereupon the community fright increases. The spiral descends rapidly, approaching the end, which is a bank closing.

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If the bank is forced to close, the payrolls about town are not met, the workmen are laid off, the grocer is not paid, the merchants do not advertise, the printers are laid off, the school teachers and janitors are not paid, the wife does not buy the dress, the farmer does not buy the fertilizer, the sewer excavations are suspended, the boy does not get the bike, the new spare tire is not bought. So on without end. Charity is strained and the breadline, visible or invisible, has new candidates.

At some stage just ahead of the bank closing comes the government. It has tried various makeshifts to persuade the bankers, the administrators of credit, to pool credit and swing it for the common good. It has pleaded with depositors not to withdraw from the banks. It has gestured and gesticulated. Now it devises a new piece of mechanism for taking public credit by force of legislation, gathering the credit together in a huge fund, and then shooting it out here and there, where it seems to be most needed for the emergency — as loans to the banks, the railroads, the insurance companies, the building and loan associations, etc. The government rushes from one danger spot to another, giving five millions here, ten thousand there, as "loans" on "ample security." Private credit is mobilized and drilled into a national credit army.

The mechanism through which the relief is administered is called the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Along with it go direct loans to farmers for production purposes. Along with it also goes a plan for making more credit, when and if necessary, through substitution of government bonds for gold as the partial foundation of currency.

The results are that bank suspensions fall off, and closed banks re-open. Hundreds of communities are saved from paralysis. All the complicated and interdependent businesses of multitudinous villages, towns, and cities, with their respective industrial, commercial, and agricultural zones of influence, go on operating. Actually, literally, factually, jobs are saved for the grocer's clerk, the school teacher, the pipefitter, the automobile mechanic. Perhaps even the doctor bill is paid. Thus, the indirect relief for banks becomes indirect relief for all sorts of job holders.

As for railroads, the government financial relief is a little more indirect in its application to the grass roots of average citzenry than in the case of banks. The applied results are harder to see with the naked eye, because the average man's eye does not often peek into the investment portfolios of large financial institutions which hold railroad securities as big backlogs. But whether the average man realizes it acutely or not, it is a fact that he is the second-hand owner of railroad securities if he has an insurance policy, or a savings account, or a share in a lodge fund. Besides, his employer is an owner of railroad securities, either first or second hand, and the continuity of his job is dependent in some degree on the market quotations for the securities. This is drawing the relationship between jobs and railroad credit a bit fine, but it is essentially accurate.

It is not the *railroads* which are being saved by government loans. It is railroad *credit*, which means bank credit, insurance company solidity, college endowments, annuities for widows, etc. Each of these means subsistence or employment.

Are the Bankers Passing It Along?

It is demonstrable that government indirect aid for the whole credit and financial structure has prevented the lengthening of the breadlines or their equivalent. Examples are too numerous for citation here.

It is *not* demonstrable that indirect aid has shortened the bread lines or diminished unemployment, for unemployment continues shockingly severe. The most "charitable" view of the situation is that the indirect relief is slow acting, and will make itself felt in due time. A less charitable view is that the banks, the railroads, and the other borrowers are accepting relief for their own internal corporate benefit, and are not passing it along to the community in the form of liberal loans (by banks) or increased employment (by railroads).

The particular observer who writes this has had opportunity of seeing numerous specific examples in which the relief has been passed along. He has listened to explanations of perplexing situations in which financial men did the "square thing" by the community, even at great technical risk to themselves and their institutions. He has also seen other examples, actual situations, where it seemed that the bankers lay prone in the feeding trough. He has heard charges, countercharges, and de-

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fenses involving particular situations in which bankers showed themselves mere money changers rather than wise custodians and administrators of the community credit.

No general statement can be made fairly now as to whether the direct beneficiaries of government loans have carried their obligations to the logical conclusion of making added employment. Some have, many have not. A strong impression left in the mind of this observer is, however, that too large a proportion of the bankers have not developed beyond the stage of financial technicians. Too many have a weak sense of their social responsibility. To whatever extent this impression is warranted by more mature observations in the future, to that extent indirect government aid is imperfect in its results.

"Bankers must broaden their view," said the Committee on Employment Plans and Suggestions, of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief. "Restrictions and requirements which ordinarily would be justified and would represent 'good banking practice,' under the special conditions of to-day deserve broad and generous consideration. . . . Imposition of strict limitation upon banking accommodation reacts with multiplied force through successive strata of industry. The final effect of the calling of a loan is not found in the resulting shut-down of a local plant employing a few score workers. . . . The echo of that cost and of the stoppage of demand created through operation of the enterprise reverberate throughout the entire national industrial fabric."

Railroad presidents recently were asked by President Hoover to do their utmost to translate government loans into terms of increased employment. They made gestures, but they did not promise. They said, in substance, that earnings prospects were so poor that even with government loans they would have small margin to apply to expansion of operations which would mean the hiring of more men.

Direct Government Aid Could Not Last

The conception of the superiority of government indirect aid over direct aid does not fall, however, merely because in numerous cases it does not work out.

The government has no wealth and produces nothing, except in so far as any service contributes to the productive processes. It can give to its citizens no ponderable or material aid, no money or credit, which it does not take away from its citizens. The government is merely the machinery for helping to keep things in order. The only things which really produce are the things generally known as "industry" — meaning all the economic activities, meaning labor plus management plus capital. Only industry itself can feed, clothe, and shelter the people. Government cannot aid, except by aiding industry (in the very broad sense).

Government can feed, but only for a short time, and in an emergency. If a family needs beans for food, the government cannot supply beans interminably. It can, however, supply food beans for to-day, and seed beans to make food beans for to-morrow. It can help banks to help seed bean dealers to help growers to get seed beans. This is more complicated than the mere dishing out of edible beans, but it is more intelligent.

Local governments in the aggregate can do more than distant state and federal governments to promote needed adjustments within the ranks of private industry to the end that employment shall be increased. Charity is the obvious and lazy way. Committees of public officials, business men, and labor representatives represent a more productive method of administering permanent indirect relief. Thereby ingenuity is developed; coöperation is enforced at the point where coöperation is shown to be essential; costs, causes, and results are subjected to continuing scrutiny.

One of the federal government's merits is, however, its relative breadth of vision. Out of the breadth of vision and a certain philosophical attitude toward pressing practical problems has come the idea that a major emergency function of the federal government should be financial support of the business structure, and the belief that the business structure would thereupon furnish the support for individual citizens. Business must furnish the jobs which furnish the livelihood. "Economic wounds must be healed by the action of the cells of the individual body — the producers and consumers themselves." From the standpoint of the federal government, indirect aid must come ahead of direct aid, in the hope that eventually it will be a substitute for direct aid. This represents the stirring of social intellect, rather than a mere relapse upon the social heart.

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A Doctor's Advice to His Critics

ANONYMOUS

I AM a doctor, a regular M.D., a practitioner of medicine. My net income is about three thousand dollars a year. I manage somehow to read a little, including a few magazines occasionally. In them I note many more or less violent assaults on the medical profession and much indignation about its clumsy bungling, inadequacy, and general swinishness. These things never bother an actual doctor at all; he is used to that; he just goes on and takes it as a part of the day's work. But it might be interesting to a layman to hear a suggestion or so from the other side.

Take the editor of THE FORUM, for instance, obviously and surely a high class man. He says that the practice of medicine is supposed to be a science. Well, if it is, that is news to me: I never heard that before. He states this simply and easily as he would an axiom, and yet he is utterly wrong in his first and fundamental premise. The practice of medicine is not a science, never has been, and I doubt if it ever will be. Man will have to push the unknown clear off the map and make vicious inroads into the unknowable before this can be.

At its best, the practice of medicine is an art, though it presupposes certain kinds of knowledge, just as an architect must know his mathematics. A surgeon knitting his brow over what to do after he is in an abdomen is not primarily a scientist; he needs far more than that. Many are the times that I have sat by the bed of a patient, after I had got all the data I could, and had *feelings* about him — feelings as to the nature of his illness, the probable outcome, and the best course to take in treatment. And I act on this, though for the life of me I could not tell you just why. This is not science; by no flight of the imagination could it be reduced to a formula or an equation. The variable factors are infinite. Please remember that medicine, more than anything else in the world, deals with the ills and maladjustments of human beings, and the human being is the most staggeringly complicated and incredibly intricate piece of machinery that the Lord God Almighty has ever concocted.

Now this feeling — call it instinct or intuition or what not — is, I believe, nothing more than accumulated experience, the details of which have sunk into the unconscious and there undergone some arranging and crystallizing so as to color and affect the conscious work. Surely this must be the case with the ordinary man, but I sometimes think that maybe in a man like Pasteur it might have been not quite so passive but more dynamic and directional. He had a sort of genius for moving about in a country where neither he nor any other man had had any experience. He could map out the lay of the land even when it was so foggy he could not see. Anyway, the lives of men like him may lend a little color to the idea that there are valid ways of getting what we call knowledge without invoking the scientific method. I cannot say, of course; maybe he was just extraordinarily lucky. At any rate that is not science as I understand it. But it is what we have to use.

NO MAN'S LAND

THE NEXT misconception is a shocking ignorance of the *limitations* of medicine — in the present state of human knowledge and in the present state of the economic and social order. You see there are two horns to this bull, and we will take the left one first. You ask of us the impossible and get irritated when we cannot deliver, but you apparently never look about you. Don't doctors get sick and suffer and die just like anybody else? Don't their own parents and brothers and sweethearts and

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wives and their own little children die just like yours? As a matter of cold statistics doctors die a little earlier than most men. Don't we all have our share of trouble about the same, and don't we all go down the chute to death, king and commoner alike, just about the same? Why don't we change all this? Aren't we doctors? Answer: we cannot; we don't know how.

My own mother has been sick ever since I could remember, and I am thirty-nine years old. My father has high blood pressure. I myself suffer from migraine (sick headache). Only people who have it know what an affliction it can be. Some months ago I was laid out with a stone in the ureter and suffered the torture of the Inquisition for a week while it was passing, and I may have another at any time. I have had appendicitis, influenza, mastoiditis, rheumatism, tonsillitis, bad teeth, malaria, malunited fractures, and a few other things. Why do I stand for all this nonsense? Why don't I cuss out the medical profession and all its so-called science and so-called art and everything else that goes with it? Because I know what are the boundaries of their knowledge and of their skill, and I know that they are doing the best they can.

There are so many things in medicine which are very vaguely or imperfectly understood, and even in cases that are fairly or quite clear the treatment may be very unsatisfactory or even non-existent. Nobody understands the real cause of cancer, chronic nephritis, arteriosclerosis, hypertension, nyocardial degeneration, and other such captains of the men of death. The thing we call resistance to tuberculosis is more or less a mere word. Nobody has any adequate proof or generally accepted opinion of the cause of poliomyelitis, rheumatic fever, influenza, measles, chicken pox, or common colds. With few exceptions the whole range of endocrine disturbances is in very unsatisfactory condition. The same applies to nervous and mental diseases; such a common thing as dementia praecox, for instance, is at present virtually beyond therapeutic attack. And so it goes; I could fill the whole page with an enumeration of conditions before which we are either ignorant or helpless or both.

The Advance of Science

From this you may conclude that medicine is in a medieval condition. But you are wrong again. As a matter of fact, medicine is making astounding progress, and I would hesitate to set any limit to what may ultimately be accomplished, and I base this statement not on mere hope but on the actual record of solid achievement in the past. Indeed the barrage is lifting so fast that the trudging infantry actually cannot keep up with it. My great-great grandfather was a doctor of a sort but he never went to a medical school. He "read" medicine, and in addition to his doctoring he was also a blacksmith and wheelwright; he bled people and pulled teeth. My great grandfather was a doctor and graduated from a Class A school in 1821. He bled and he blistered and he puked and he purged — and this was about his armamentarium. He prepared his own crude drugs. He carried his catheters in the sweat-band of his high hat. He didn't even have ether or chloroform.

My grandfather was a doctor and graduated from a Class A school in 1857. Bacteria were unknown; pus in a wound was considered laudable. His appendicitis patients died of "cramp colic" and "locked bowels." He didn't even know that tuberculosis was communicable. He did not have a hypodermic syringe nor a fever thermometer. Operations were mostly amputations. The insane were shamefully treated and almost regarded as bewitched.

My father was a doctor and graduated from a Class A school in 1884. Diphtheria was rampant and deadly, and so was typhoid fever. He didn't have diphtheria antitoxin nor typhoid vaccines; nor serum for meningitis or tetanus or poliomyelitis or pneumonia; nor thyroid extract nor adrenalin nor pituitrin. Blood transfusion was unknown. Lumbar puncture had never been done. He didn't even have an X-ray. Radium had not been discovered. He did not have salvarsan or local anaesthetics. He could not even take a blood pressure. Laboratory work was mostly boiling urine for albumen, and blood chemistry was unheard of. Pathological and clinical microscopy were just beginning. Surgery was still a more or less heroic and hazardous business and even then was limited to very few operations. He didn't even know that yellow fever was transmitted by mosquitoes, and he had never heard of hookworms.

I am a doctor and graduated from a Class A school in 1920. I did not even have insulin for

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diabetes, nor liver extract for pernicious anaemia, nor scarlet fever serum, nor erysipelas serum, nor the malarial treatment for paresis, nor tincture of iodine for exophthalmic goiter, nor ephedrine, nor para-thormone, nor female sex hormone, nor cortin. I had never heard of tularaemia nor undulant fever in this country. I can only mention a few things at random; a mere enumeration of them would take a page. Insulin and liver extract, for instance, are both veritable epics in man's struggle against disease. The public, fed on mass production, wants an epic a week at least.

Patients Who Won't Be Cured

I said above that even if the doctors knew the exact diagnosis and the proper treatment they might still be helpless. This is the precise condition that doctors have to contend with all the time. Every day and every day my hands are tied and I am reduced to impotence by things over which I have no control. In the first place, the doctor cannot make the patient do anything. He advises operation, say; the patient refuses. What can he do? Answer; nothing. When the patient dies, however, he has "lost" the patient; he was a bum doctor. Patients will not follow a prescribed diet; they will not even take their medicines; they will not come regularly for their treatments; not infrequently they pay no attention whatever to any advice given them; they will not quit work and go to bed; they will not leave home and go to the hospital; they will not allow tests; they object to adequate examination; they resent questioning; they lie in giving histories; they are impatient and fussy and stupid and ignorant and non-coöperative. Not all patients; no, of course not. But such a large percentage that many bright and honest doctors simply cannot endure the farce and quit the whole business in disgust. There are a lot of Martin Arrowsmiths in this country.

But that is only the beginning of the trouble. Granting that the patient is a perfect patient, can he pay for proper care and treatment? In a shocking proportion of cases the answer is: no, he cannot. The simple fact is that as medicine has become better and more extensive in diagnosis and treatment it has become more expensive. As it enlists more appliances and better facilities, more people and better people, the cost increases. This has gone on till it has become unbearable to people of small or even moderate means — if they want the best that can be had. My great-grandfather's patient with an acute appendix probably stayed at home and got a purgative and a mustard plaster and such simple remedies, which cost him little or nothing — except his life. My patient is taken to a hospital and operated on and nursed and restored to health — for perhaps two hundred dollars. In one case he pays his life; in the other he pays two hundred dollars. Which is better? But suppose he does not have two hundred dollars or even two dollars. What is he to do? God only knows; I don't. I have sweat blood over that question many a time and I still do not know the answer, but I suspect it and will give it to you later.

The hospital to which he goes costs money. It was built by union labor at so much per hour. Its furnishings cost money. Electric companies do not give away X-ray machines; they sell them for cash money. Pharmaceutical houses do not give away medicines; they sell them for cash money. Lights, heat, gas, laundry, phones cost money. The cook works there for exactly the same reason a cook works in a hotel — for money. So do the maids, fireman, elevator man, janitor, stenographer, telephone operator, bookkeeper, and all the rest. For every loaf of bread or can of beans that goes in there the grocer demands cash money. Then there is insurance, upkeep, taxes — what not. The graduate nurse who cares for him has spent three years working for nothing before she got her license. She has rent and other expenses to pay; she has to buy food and clothes. She may soothe the fevered brow and all that sort of rot, but she cannot live on that. She has to have cash money to pay her bills. And so it goes. About the only thing the hospital gets for nothing is the flowers sent there after somebody's funeral. It is a simple matter of bookkeeping. Where is this money coming from if not from the patients?

It is outrageous that a sick man should be turned away from a hospital simply because he has no money. But is there anything unique in this? Aren't hungry people turned away from restaurants? Aren't ragged people turned away from clothing stores? Aren't shelterless people turned away from hotels? Aren't foot-sore and weary people turned away from bus stations? It is outrageous that I should refuse to treat

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some people and only half-treat others, but what else can I do? The average ordinary doctor can no more furnish and provide modern and adequate care for his patients than a railroad engineer can provide the locomotive that he drives.

I doubt if a Harvard Medical School graduate put out in the backwoods could actually use 10% of his knowledge. A great hullabaloo has been raised about the disappearance of doctors from isolated and country districts. Nothing whatever can be done about it. What does this mean?

It means that this whole thing is *not* a medical problem; it is a *social* and *economic* problem. The solution will come through some form of state medicine. This word is anathema, of course, to all right-thinking doctors; it is the red flag at which every Medical Society is supposed to lower its head, hoist its tail, and charge. But there isn't much steam in the charge; it is mostly a gesture, a futile one at that. There was once a king named Canute who did the same thing to the incoming tide. For better or for worse, it is coming and coming fast. Most doctors would probably be far better off on a decent salary anyway; and fifty years from now I believe that a majority of them will be on a salary. There will always be private doctors and private hospitals, of course, for people who want them, just as there are private schools and private tutors for certain children. But most children go to the public schools; and most poor sick people in the future will go to public hospitals supported by taxation.

Patients Who Won't Pay

Sandwiched in between this class that cannot pay and the next one is a large sector consisting of those who can but will not pay. They want to be carried into a doctor's office moribund and on a stretcher and walk out five minutes later completely well and ten years younger. For this miracle they want to pay two dollars, preferably fifty cents. They are the great horde that wants something for nothing and generally winds up by getting nothing for something. For in medicine as in most everything else it is generally true that, barring the two extremes — the richest patients and the poorest patients — one just about gets what he pays for. To "look at the tongue and feel the pulse and give 'em a piece of paper" brings about one or two dollars, and it is often worth about one or two cents, or less.

People of this class want something quick and easy. To go to bed and stay there for months to cure tuberculosis is entirely too much trouble; they want to take a pill twice a day for a week and cure it. The type is familiar in all walks of life, but seems to be most numerous in medicine. I merely mention these idiots in passing, but the layman has not the remotest idea of how much trouble a doctor actually has with them. The liars, deadbeats, and swindlers form another class that I want to avoid, even here.

Then there is the countless legion — God help us and give us strength! — of those who think they are sick but are not. Here we have the hysterical, neurotics, psycholtics, neurasthenics, psychasthenics, neuropsychotics, morons, defectives, delinquents, misfits, failures, tender-minded, psychopathic personalities, introverts, nuts, and all such whose make-up, outlook, and general nervous systems seem not adapted to this life. The number is undoubtedly increasing fast as civilization becomes more complex and exacting, and the seriousness of the problem increases even faster. It is a fact not known to most people that the number of hospital beds in the United States devoted to nervous and mental cases (which in most cases means frank insanity) is greater than that of all other hospital beds put together. And this is a mere drop in the bucket compared to the millions of slight or borderline cases who are on the outside, at large, going about their business in some fashion or other. Many of these people are highly intelligent — in spots. Their most notable deficiency is that the dictum of Socrates — "know thyself" — was omitted from their schooling; and there is a curious irony, too, in the fact that they are precisely the people who study themselves and think about themselves almost to the exclusion of everything else. It is among this class that one finds the severest and bitterest critics of the medical profession.

Suppose you tell Mrs. Jones' neighbor exactly what is wrong with her; she merely gets insulted, walks out of the office to some other doctor who "understands her case" and is "not a damned fool."

This whole problem has been heroically attacked by the psychiatrists, but the going is

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slow and tortuous and difficult. The cold fact is that the medical profession has not as yet discovered or devised any satisfactory treatment for this sort of thing, though our understanding of the etiology is becoming much clearer. It involves new concepts of mental mechanisms, of the patient as a whole being, of the total integrated personality, of the unity of mind and body, and many others that are full of hope and promise. Have a heart and give us time. A mere three hundred years ago we did not even know that the blood circulated.

Do Doctors Give Good Service?

Now suppose the patient has plenty of money, is a perfect patient, and is not neurotic. Does he get good service? The answer is: in general, yes. But why "in general"? Because doctors, on the whole, are not particularly different from other men of their social and economic level. There is nothing special in his training that changes his make-up; if he is a cad before he studies medicine, he is generally a cad after he studies it. Furthermore, no matter how honest, they make mistakes, lots of mistakes. I've made my share; they sometimes come back to me — in the still watches, when I'm supposed to be asleep. So do engineers. So do soldiers. So do merchants. So do bankers. What about the veteran financiers who supported Anaconda Copper at 117 (quoted to-day at 9)? It is a merely human quality.

It is more or less accidental that your banker is not your doctor and your doctor your banker, or even your chauffeur or your plumber. One of the best doctors I ever saw was a plasterer and a lather for some years before he decided to study medicine. Perhaps the greatest brain surgeon in this country to-day was formerly a railroad mechanic and his father a locomotive engineer. There is no presiding destiny that picks certain men to be doctors; it is largely a question of suggestion and opportunity and the necessary finances.

Some of the scurviest and most ignorant jackasses I ever saw and some of the damnedest swine I ever met were doctors in active practice. There is nothing surprising or unexpected in this. I hold no brief for doctors; I believe that I can look at them rather calmly. And I can say this: that on the whole they are an honest, competent, and resourceful set of men at their trades, and that most of the difficulty comes from expecting too much of them. It is preposterous to think that 150,000 men more or less selected at random should be scientists and artists. They are not. The average doctor is a trailer, a camp-follower, a nonentity, who contributes nothing to medical science but merely tries, according to his lights and opportunities, to apply what other men have found out. This latter work is done by a numerically negligible percentage of the profession; indeed many of them are not even in the profession. Pasteur was not a doctor at all. Is the average telephone lineman a Steinmetz, or the average power-house attendant an Edison? The outlook of the average ordinary doctor is no more akin to that of Dr. William Welch or William Osler or William Halsted — scientifically, ethically, spiritually — than the physical outlook of a lowly catfish paddling around in a mudhole is akin to that of a bald eagle soaring in the empyrean. Personally, I'm one of the catfish, and I can testify that the hole is crowded.

But even the close contact and the muddy water does not blind me to the virtues of my companions. On the whole they are not a bad set of men. I know of no men who work harder to put themselves out of business. The medical profession has waged relentless war to prevent disease and improve the public health. Be it noted, in passing, that in this they have fought almost single-handed and have put such measures into effect *against the determined and even violent resistance* of the very public they were trying to help. If you do not believe this then go read the history of the struggle for compulsory vaccination, the segregation of communicable diseases, the sanitary disposal of sewage and waste, and a hundred other such things. Many of these efforts have required blood-and-iron laws backed by the military. Witness the recent outbreak in Ohio against the tuberculin testing of cattle. Just do not expect too much of them; their general level of intelligence is perhaps no greater than yours.

Why They Study Medicine

There is, finally, one other reason why the service is good only "in general" and that is the fact that doctors are under the necessity of making a living for themselves and their families. This is a trite enough observation, but, believe it or not, it is quite often ignored by the critics. You see we are still impaled on that

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bull's right horn — the social and economic order. Medicine is so old and has been swathed in so much hocus-pocus (aided and fostered by the profession itself) that only a man who has cut his eye teeth can see through the bosh to the truth at the heart of the thing.

One familiar delusion is to the effect that doctors are animated by an old saying, to wit, "the relief of suffering humanity shall be thine only aim." This is a piece of poppycock that is not true and never was true. The cold fact is that most doctors practice medicine for precisely and exactly the same reason that lawyers practice law, or editors edit, or plumbers plumb, or laborers labor — namely, to make a living. If they get some pleasure out of it and do some good, then so much the better, but that is not the prime purpose.

I hate to destroy such nice delusions, but I believe that the truth is better and that more progress can be made by adhering to it. In all my experience I do not recall one single doctor who cared anything special about suffering humanity, certainly not enough to work himself up into a lather about it. He had enough troubles of his own; indeed all too often he had been so bedeviled and imposed on and swindled by this same poor dear humanity that he hated it.

It may be deplorable, but it is a fact that this thing we call civilization, or this present state of human affairs, is just simply not organized along the lines of brotherly love. For all the boloney to the contrary, it is founded largely on the ethics of the jungle, and it is the persistence of this jungle ethics in a highly complicated and interdependent society that has finally plunged us into the morass in which we are now stuck. Doctors are merely in the same milieu that everybody else is. We are all tarred out of the same bucket — the critics no less than the rest. Doctors find out, as all men do, that they get what they take. This leads to dishonesty, sharp practice, swinishness. I can only report that doctors as a rule are as honest as circumstances will allow them to be. I do not care to speak further than that for them.

But I can speak for myself. Here at least I will pass no buck; I will evade no issue. It all boils down to this: a man catapulted into this life and given time to get oriented and look about a bit can do one of two things — he can take it or leave it. I prefer to take it. Very well, then, what do I find? I find that this is a hard and a harsh world. I find that my living depends entirely on my own efforts. I find that I could sweat out my life in honest and conscientious medical service to the public for nothing save a bare existence and finally come to sixty-five or seventy a broken and penniless man. I find that in exchange for this they would, if I had enough political pull, give me a cot in a poorhouse, some rags, enough food to keep me alive, and the menial job of scrubbing the floors.

Now I prefer not to stand in breadlines nor to sleep in flophouses. I must, therefore, get money in some way or other and endeavor to keep it. It has been amply demonstrated that this latter task is perhaps even harder than the first; I have no assurance that what I have now will be with me next year or even next week. The method I have chosen by which to do this is practicing medicine. I went through high school; I spent five years in a university, four years in a medical school, two years as a hospital interne — fifteen years in all. I not only made little or nothing during this time but I spent a great deal; in fact, all I had ever been able to make at other times. In addition to that I put a lien in the form of debts on what I was to make after I finally went to work. Now that I am at work, I will get that needed money absolutely honestly if I can. If I cannot, then I will get it dishonestly. There, then, you have it — in cold type and with no evasion. If this is being a thug, then I am a thug. And that is that. If you are interested to know what has been my experience, I will say that the word honesty in medicine is a very *elastic* term. But I am in style, to say the least, for this is rugged individualism — now officially inscribed on the banners of the Republic.

There are in medicine, as in war, two viewpoints. The professional strategist, the man who hears the sound of battle from afar, the armchair general — he may tell you that war is scientific, perhaps even romantic. The actual soldier in the front line trenches — he will tell you that it is hell. I believe this latter man, for all his limited vision, is perhaps a better judge of what war is actually like. And so, in all kindness, I will say to our critics that if you will study the actual doctor you will probably get a more realistic and more accurate slant on the thing that you are interested in, and thus give your efforts a far greater effectiveness.

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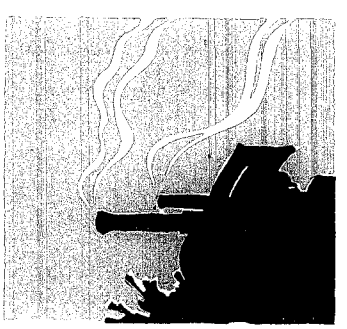
"We Need a War"

"It Would Restore Prosperity"

by **JAY FRANKLIN**

As the depression droned on into 1932, as the number of the unemployed teetered between five and eight millions — depending on whether you were a Republican or a Democrat — and as farm prices stagnated at half of the pre-war level, it became obvious that only a good foreign war could prevent serious disturbances in the United States. A huge federal deficit had led to brutal and confiscatory taxation; the farmers, the veterans, the bankers, the railroads, and the jobless were all clamoring for government aid; and by the spring of 1932 it was apparent that national credit could not permanently withstand the double strain of political demands for cash and of an unbalanced budget.



The outbreak of hostilities between Brazil and Russia in the latter part of June came, therefore, as a great relief to everybody's nerves. Men who were experienced in business and politics recalled the hopeful surge which had lifted steel and wheat prices the previous autumn, when there had been a threat of Soviet-Japanese hostilities, took heart, and went long on the market. Both belligerent countries promptly took measures to prohibit the export of foodstuffs, which led to a vertical rise in the price of wheat, overnight, from 60 to 90 cents a bushel. Moreover, with the world's two great producers of manganese engaged in armed conflict, steel prices advanced sharply, while the common stock of the U. S. Steel Corporation rose from around $40 to over $60 a share and Bethlehem Steel doubled its market value in a single frenzied session of the New York Stock Exchange. Prices for lumber also rose, and there was a general air of optimism as it became apparent that the Argentine wheat supply would be needed to feed the Brazilian armies, while Russian foodstuffs would no longer compete with ours in the European market.

Hence it was, perhaps, that the American Government did not make very vigorous efforts to compose hostilities, although it naturally invoked the Kellogg Pact. Pro-Brazilian sentiment ran very strong in the press, and banking circles soon came to the conclusion that, if the war lasted long enough, the American interests which extended commercial credits to the two belligerents could secure a mortgage on the economic resources of the Brazilian Republic and the Soviet Union.

It was not, however, until August that the first big Brazilian loan — for a quarter of a billion dollars (less commission and expenses) — was floated in the United States by a banking syndicate. The proceeds of this loan — which was promptly oversubscribed — were used to purchase supplies and ammunition for the Brazilian expeditionary force which was to effect a landing on Russia's Asiatic coast north of Vladivostok and dig in for the winter.

As a result of this and subsequent Brazilian loans and credits, the factories and steel mills at Bethlehem and Pittsburgh, Gary and Detroit began working overtime with full shifts. Prices of everything, food especially, rose considerably, for the European countries were compelled to obtain their requirements from the United States. In as much as wages, except in the munitions industry, remained stationary, there was some grumbling and a good deal of distress among the working classes.

However, the revival of business was unmistakable, and when the Brazilian Army, con-

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voyed by the fleet and using chartered American vessels as transports, succeeded not only in effecting a landing in Siberia but in cutting the Ussuri Railroad, which promptly led to the surrender of Vladivostok, a nationwide thrill of optimism reëlected the Republican Administration. America faced the winter of 1932 with a higher cost of living but with only 3,000,000 men unemployed, and these latter were rapidly being absorbed into industry.

On to Moscow!

The efforts of the American bankers during that winter were chiefly directed toward persuading the Russians to negotiate for credits in New York, in order to purchase munitions to be shipped to Murmansk. The Russians, unfortunately for them, refused, as they had already concluded very satisfactory arrangements with Krupps. Accordingly, the American bankers acquired secret control of Krupps and sold large quantities of ammunition to the Soviet War Office, under the guarantee of German industry. In the spring of 1933, therefore, the Soviet Armies found themselves ready to assume the offensive.

Can any American now living forget the thrill of those weeks in March and April when the Red forces recaptured Vladivostok, took the remainder of the Brazilian Army prisoners, captured the ice-bound Brazilian battleships, and then announced to the world the existence of an alliance with Japan and Peru? The combined Russian and Japanese fleets promptly convoyed a large expeditionary force across the Pacific, established a base at Callao, and prepared for the invasion of Brazil, whose army had ceased to exist, by way of the Andes. Quotations on Brazilian bonds dropped like a plummet, and the State Department turned in an alarm for the Monroe Doctrine and for the navy we had forgotten to build.

The American people found themselves in a dilemma. Although they had sympathized with the Brazilians on general principles, they had no especial quarrel with the Russians, who expressed themselves as ready to respect the Monroe Doctrine as soon as the Brazilians had been taught a lesson. Moreover, there was a fairly important section of the American public who sympathized with Russia and felt that the Soviet Union had been attacked without provocation. This sentiment was reënforced by the general feeling throughout Europe and the British Empire that the Russians were in the right. It became obvious that the United States was the only nation which supported Brazil's claim to a colonial empire in Siberia and to immunity from invasion after an unprovoked aggression.

On the other hand, the Brazilians were frankly alarmed as the allied army of 100,000 prepared to cross the Andes. The ablest Brazilian and American propagandists were immediately enlisted on behalf of American intervention, and as the bankers saw their investment of a billion dollars in Brazilian securities endangered, the result was not long in doubt. On July 4, 1933, the United States discovered that a state of war existed with Russia and Japan and announced its determination to fight to the death in order to liberate Peru and make the New World safe for the Republican form of government.

There is no need to write of the military events of 1933 and 1934, which led to the Treaty of Honolulu on April 1, 1935. The veterans have never allowed us to forget them, and every school child is familiar with the story of the invasion of Brazil, the sack of Santos, and the final capitulation of General Vorasheff's army in Matto Grosso. Painfully familiar, also, is the story of the picturesque Red occupation of the Philippines, the failure of the Allied army to capture Hawaii, and the indecisive naval engagement off the Pribeloff Islands. But the terms of the Treaty of Honolulu, although treated as a great American diplomatic victory in our schoolbooks, are tersely described by the historians as a return to the *status quo ante*.

The Peace-Time Boom

It is the economic history of the war which is most interesting to the contemporary student of American politics. From first to last, the United States mobilized some 5,000,000 men, of whom less than half saw any form of active service, mostly in Brazil, although the 50,000 men which reënforced the garrison of Hawaii helped repulse the invaders at Oahu, and the Expeditionary Force to Mindanao took part in some of the fiercest fighting of the war. The total war cost to the Treasury was about thirty-five billion dollars, of which ten billion were obtained by taxation.

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Economic activity in the United States was transformed beyond recognition. Prices and wages rose to unheard-of heights. The average cook asked and received $10 a day; expert machinists were paid $100 a day. Wheat sold for $5 a bushel, under government regulation, and the smallest coin in general use was the twenty-five cent piece. A ready-made suit of clothes cost $150. Rent was the only element in the cost of living to remain stationary, due to emergency regulations, with the result that housing construction fell into arrears, leading to frightful congestion in the industrial cities and the evasion of rent laws by subleasing.

Unemployment had disappeared entirely by the spring of 1934, and had not the war come to an end in the winter of 1935, the War Department would have completed plans to set every man and woman, and every child above the age of ten years, at some form of activity connected with the conduct of hostilities.

Impartial observers of American public opinion have since declared that never before or since that period had the American people been so happy. The farm indebtedness of the United States was practically paid off with inflated currency, and the great majority of corporations and individuals were able to reduce substantially or entirely to extinguish all fixed capital obligations. The funds so released were promptly invested in War Bonds. There was an orgy of spending and of stock speculation during which wealth became very widely distributed.

It is true that some economists have pointed out that, in fact, the per capita consumption of economic commodities by the civil population declined during the war. This was due to the fact that, despite constantly rising prices and wages, taxation absorbed almost half of the profits realized in business transactions, and the repeated War Loan campaigns encouraged the mass of the people to convert their paper money into paper government securities — "Monroe Doctrine Bonds," as they were called — instead of using their savings to satisfy their own economic desires. Thus only was it possible to finance the huge expenditure of raw materials and of labor which were necessary to support 5,000,000 American men in unproductive and arduous activities against the enemy as well as to begin the construction of several hundreds of modern naval vessels, none of which, unfortunately, was completed in time for the war.

Some moralists have attributed the prosperity of the war years to the passage of the Twenty-first Constitutional Amendment at the close of the war, prohibiting the use of tobacco in any form, but economists are still divided as to whether it is possible to increase wealth by outlawing the production of any form of wealth. Whatever the cause, it is a fact which no social historian disputes that, on the date of the Armistice of Shimonoseki, which terminated hostilities and led to the Treaty of Honolulu, never before had so large a proportion of the American people been interested, employed, prosperous, and happy. And when later statisticians succeeded in demonstrating that fewer Americans had died at the hands of the enemy than would have died in automobile accidents in time of peace, it can scarcely be wondered that to-day many of us look back with longing on the stirring days of 1934.

Then Came the Crash

For the unfortunate aftermath of the first War of the Pacific made peace seem a positive economic catastrophe. The war industries shut down, the demobilized soldiers began to look for work, and before the middle of 1936 we again had six million unemployed. With the resumption of wheat and lumber exports from Russia, farm and timber prices dropped to their old levels, and our exports in those commodities dropped off. The end of the wartime demand for steel sent the Stock Market tumbling.

The cost of living held up for a few months, but wages came down rapidly, as it was discovered that the women who had gone into industry did not want to go back to the kitchen and as the enormous labor-saving factories proved themselves capable of supplying peacetime needs with fewer men than had been employed before the war. This led inevitably to serious strikes in the coal and steel industry and to a dangerous railway strike. Radicalism, which had been practically nonexistent since the late summer of 1932, was abruptly revived. There was a serious police strike in the city of Baltimore. Governor Ritchie, through his action in declaring martial law, won the nation-wide reputation which gained him the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1936.

Some fanatic, whose identity was never discovered, shortly thereafter attempted to blow up the Wheat Pit in Chicago and the resulting

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wave of reaction rendered effective social and economic reform in the United States, which had already been overdue in 1932, impossible for at least another generation. The attempts of the United States Government to recover its war loans from Brazil, as well as to receive the costs of the army of occupation in Peru, led to great bitterness of feeling against the United States throughout Latin America.

After a temporary stabilization of a mild economic prosperity under President Ritchie, who had become Chief Executive when the President died of ptomaine poisoning at Palm Beach, following a good will trip to Havana, another major depression appeared to be inevitable. During the election of President Baker in 1944, and during the first two years of his administration, disaster was staved off by diverting into stock market speculation and into the installment purchases of home television sets and cheap autogyros funds comparable to those which had financed the prosperity of the war years.

Finally, in spite of the reduction of the tariff, there was a crash. Wheat dropped to its present price of ten cents a bushel and U. S. Steel common stock was selling for $3 a share at the time the Stock Exchange was closed for lack of business. There were fifteen million unemployed tramping the streets for work, the five million veterans of the Pacific War and the surviving three million veterans of the World War were demanding a bonus, and the interest and sinking fund charges on a national debt of thirty-two billion dollars rendered the balancing of the budget vital to the maintenance of Federal credit. Just about then, the idea began to gain favor and assumed serious proportions in the spring of 1947 that what we needed was a war; that it would restore prosperity!

Can *Any* Democrat Be Elected?

by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

OUR LOCAL Democrats held a "Victory Dinner" not long ago. It was quite an occasion, marked by the presence of the chairman of the party's executive committee, by a radio speech from a former Presidential candidate, and by sundry forms of convivial celebration. Similar dinners were held on the same evening in several other cities; from each the report is of a similar atmosphere of festivity and self-congratulation. To the non-partisan outsider who knows the state of the Democratic exchequer, and the need for liquidating the lien acquired by Mr. Raskob during the campaign of 1928 before entering upon the struggle of 1932, such a series of banquets may seem to be little more than an ingenious method of sugar-coating for party members the always depressing task of paying for a dead horse. But in this case there actually seems to have been little necessity for such sugar-coating. The Democrats are going to pay off Mr. Raskob with very little repining. Why haggle, they ask, over the

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debts of 1928 when the spoils of 1932 are as good as garnered?

"Any Democrat can win this year." That seems to be the party's present creed. Almost every attendant at the Victory Dinner took occasion to announce it. I have talked with party leaders, both in this middle-western section of the country and in Washington, and it never seems to occur to them that anyone might question the claim. Most journalists, I find, feel the same way about it. And even the Republicans — federal office-holding Republicans, at that — are inclined to wag their heads lugubriously when the prospects of the coming campaign are broached. "It looks like a Democratic year." One hears that all over Capitol Hill. To listen to the professional politicians, and to the professional political writers, it is going to be a waste of time and money to go through the motions of holding a campaign. Why not, in these times of near-bankruptcy, save useless expense by just letting the Democrats hold their nominating convention, and then having the Speaker of the House, or Senator Pat Harrison, or Mr. Charles Michelson, or somebody equally qualified, cast a unanimous ballot? "Any Democrat can win this year."

It may be a measure of political ignorance, but I, for one, am beginning to doubt the truth of this Democratic dictum. A little while ago it was probably true. Had the national election been held in November, 1930, there would have undoubtedly resulted a Democratic landslide. Any Democrat could have won then. Almost any Democrat could have won in November, 1931. But November, 1932, is going to prove a different matter. Every passing month shifts the odds less and less in favor of the Democrats. Once more, as has so frequently happened in the past, there is every chance that the Democrats, after being overwhelming favorites in the winter book, will find themselves going to the post at no better than even money. And that does not mean that *any* Democrat can win. On the contrary, it means that the party will have to pick its nominee with extreme care if it hopes to win at all.

Do not misunderstand the basis on which I am presenting this minority report. If the election were held to-morrow, and if the Democratic candidate were an even fairly attractive figure, the Democrats would probably win. But the election will not be held until five months from to-morrow, and if the political tide continues to run in the direction it is now taking for another five months the chances of the Democrats will be no better than even. If as good.

There is, to be sure, still plenty of revolt against Hoover, against the Republican administration, against things as they are. There are many centers in the middle and far west where insurgency is the general mood, and where the very name of Mr. Hoover is anathema. The Republicans in their local politics — as in the Illinois primary that swept "Big Bill" Thompson back to power — are doing their best to make trouble for themselves. But the tide is running in the other direction. The number of centers of revolt is decreasing. The anti-Hoover jokes (such as the one about the dime which "Uncle Andy" Mellon gave the President so that he could telephone *both* his friends) have been told until they are threadbare, and few new ones are being invented to replenish the supply. Certain business interests that were definitely, stridently, opposed to Mr. Hoover's reëlection a few months ago are now plainly preparing the climb aboard the administration band wagon. Certain groups that supported the President in 1928, and have been in hiding most of the time since, are beginning to poke their heads out of their cyclone cellars. Mr. Hoover may be beaten, but he is not beaten yet.

At least, this is the way it looks to one who, although on the political sidelines, has some opportunity to know what is going on in the places where the votes come from. For I offer this dissenting opinion on current political prophecy as one who does not expect to vote either the Republican or Democratic ticket next fall, or to have any part in the partisan conflict. But I happen to be in a position where I have a line on public sentiment in the typical American community that, up to the present, has proved generally correct. There flows across my desk an unceasing stream of comment from clergymen of all denominations, located in all the states, and in charge of all sorts of churches. The view of these men on any issue may differ from the majority view in the community where they are at work, and frequently does. But they know what that view is — more correctly, I am convinced after years of observa-

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tion, than press, politicians, or any other mirror of community thought. And these men, as they write to-day and as I talk with them informally at their state and denominational gatherings, offer mounting proof that, west of Pittsburgh, the Hoover comeback has started.

The Drift toward Hoover

What has caused this change in the political picture? Why are the same men who, six months ago, were damning the President most vociferously, now beginning to speak sympathetically of the difficulty of his problems? There are a good many reasons. For one thing, the novelty of the depression has worn off. Not the fact, but the novelty of the fact. And in respect to its political effect there is considerable difference between the two things. When the bitter fact of the depression first hit the country — and for a good many months thereafter — the natural reaction was resentment against the Administration. Mr. Hoover's friends protested vehemently against the injustice of that reaction, but the protest, however justified, did not change matters. But as time has passed, and the depression has remained, a dead weight on the whole nation, there has come to be a curious sort of fatalistic attitude toward it. It is regarded more and more as something so much larger than America in its boundaries, and so much beyond human control in its workings, that no American could be expected to have headed it off and no American should be held to blame for not ending it. Mr. Hoover thus comes to be regarded as a victim of the crash along with all the other victims; there is, if I may borrow a somewhat pietistic term, a sort of fellowship of suffering in which it becomes more and more common to include him, and out of which he will gain the benefit that generally accrues from any sharing in bad luck.

Then again, Mr. Hoover's efforts to do something to lighten the weight of the depression, to get business off its dead center and started back toward something approaching prosperity, are beginning to make an impression. Writing as I am late in April, it is too early to judge what the full effect of the setting up of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is to be on the President's political fortunes. But this can be said — that as the depression continues, and the flood of conflicting "plans" which fills the periodicals gives a more and more academic aspect to the criticism directed against the administration, the efforts of the President are coming to command more and more respect. They may prove to be wise, or they may prove to be ill-advised. Either way, the man in the street is increasingly inclined to give the President credit for making a genuine effort — "doing the best he can," is the usual phrase — to get business started on the upgrade. And along with this goes the growing feeling that few men, put in the same position, would have done any better.

In this same connection, something should be said about the political effect of Mr. Hoover's opposition to a large federal bond issue to finance public works or to direct federal relief for the unemployed, and to the full payment of the bonus with an inflated currency. All these proposals may be enacted by Congress before the election. And I happen to be among those who have supported the first two. But any candid study of the typical American community will disclose the fact that Mr. Hoover has not hurt himself a bit, but has probably strengthened himself, from the standpoint of next November's votes, by his opposition to such measures. Even the dreaded soldier vote is not likely to be mobilized on the bonus issue. For if there is any one idea that has become firmly implanted in the minds of the white-collar citizenry of this country, it is that one fundamental cause of their present trouble is the unreasonable cost of government. And this, in the minds of most, translates itself into vehement opposition to greater expenditures at Washington, even though the real extravagance in American government these days is far more local than federal. Mr. Hoover therefore begins to look like a bulwark of defense to the beleaguered taxpayer, and it will be accounted to him for righteousness on the coming eighth of November.

But the principal factor in the President's comeback is something altogether apart from these shifts in public psychology in regard to the economic situation. It is — as almost all really potent political factors are — an issue that shapes itself in personal terms. It grows immediately out of this "any Democrat" delusion of Mr. Hoover's opponents. For the minute that the Democrats come down out of the clouds of generalization, and begin to put

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forward the names of specific persons who may be chosen to fill the "any Democrat" rôle, it becomes clear that there are reasons why, in the case of actual nomination, the election of almost any of them would be very doubtful indeed.

Let's take a look at this "any Democrat" claim in terms of the actual Democrats who are in the running. Considered, as they would be Next November, as alternatives for Mr. Hoover, what are their prospects?

Murray, Young, Ritchie, and Smith

Could "Alfalfa Bill" Murray be elected? To be sure, Governor Murray is only an outside choice for the nomination, and has almost no chance except in the improbable case of the nominating convention going on a radical stampede of the 1896 variety. But that chance must be taken into account, and the Governor is doing everything in his power to produce the necessary stampede. Suppose it comes. In the campaign that follows, "Alfalfa Bill" will be disclosed to the public as much more of a man of parts than is now dreamed, especially in the east. The "philosopher in homespun" theme will be worked to the limit, and gallus-snapping will be celebrated as in a class with rail-splitting. The use of militia to control oil output will be pointed out as the index of a man of action, ready to take any necessary means to force industry — even against its own will — back to prosperity. But come now, be honest. After every imaginable effort has been made to sell "Alfalfa Bill" to the American public, can it be done? Can the grizzled Oklahoman be brought even as close to victory as was the dazzling "Boy Orator of the Platte?" Had the election come at the height of the Hoover reaction a victory for "Alfalfa Bill" might possibly have been managed, although it would have been a close squeeze even then. As things are now, such a nomination would inevitably end in a Democratic rout.

Could Owen D. Young be elected? Not as much is being said about Mr. Young as a possible candidate as was being said a year or eighteen months ago. Apparently, even the Democratic chiefs have waked up to the fact that he is not among the "any Democrats" who can be put over. That is rather surprising, too, since Mr. Young's strength lies precisely in the field where the nation most needs help these days. But the collapse of the Young Plan in Europe has tarnished the luster of Mr. Young's fame. (That, too, is in a sense unfair to Mr. Young, since the Plan was never in any true sense his.) And Mr. Young's Wall Street connections, much as they may recommend him to Mr. Raskob, Mr. Baruch, and their little group, will do him no good as a Presidential candidate. On the one hand, they wipe out almost any significant difference between the Democratic aspirant and the Republican incumbent. And on the other hand, as those who have read the records of various Congressional investigations know, there is probably no man in the country who could be dressed up more persuadingly as the incarnation of Big Business ruthlessness than the Owen D. Young of the Radio Corporation of America. There would, to be sure, be something ironic in the spectacle of Republican campaign orators attacking Mr. Young for the methods pursued in building up this newest and most air-tight of all the monopolies. But do it they would, and devastatingly.

Can Governor Ritchie be elected? Here we are getting more into the realm of possible nominations, and I accordingly change the form of the question. Mr. Ritchie has been a receptive candidate on previous occasions, but this year he evidently believes that, in the maneuvering likely to take place in a convention requiring a two-thirds vote to nominate, he has a good chance to become the ultimate candidate upon whom compromise centers. Accordingly, he is now conducting the usual preliminary canvass, with speeches in New York, Chicago, and any other place where a respectable "occasion" can be arranged.

Is the Governor Ritchie who is being disclosed by these affairs a candidate who looks like a winner? On one theory, and one only, can that question be answered in the affirmative. That is the theory that, in the approaching contest, the most colorless candidate will win. There have been campaigns, not a few, settled on that basis; there is, for example, reason to believe that one of the factors that operated powerfully in the closing phases of the 1928 campaign was the conclusion of a large part of the public that the Knight of the Brown Derby was just a little too gaudy a figure for the White House. But I cannot see how Governor Ritchie could hope to defeat Mr. Hoover in a contest of sedateness. After all,

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unless the world situation has utterly changed before election day, our citizens are going to the polls to vote for the man who seems most likely to do something. Neither in his record in Maryland nor in his speeches does Mr. Ritchie give the impression of a person with powers equal to the national need. Vague and sweeping generalizations about the dangers of too much centralization in government may sound like familiar Democratic doctrine, and a sort of genial wetness may make the governor *persona grata* to a considerable part of the leadership of his party. But neither states rights nor prohibition is going to be the deciding issue in the coming campaign. And even if they were, Governor Ritchie is not the sort of candidate who could dramatize and make impelling his championship.

Can Al Smith be elected? Mr. Smith has announced that, while he will make no active canvass for delegates, he will be available to lead the campaign in case the convention nominates him. Can he be elected? I suppose that it is too much to hope that the eastern press can be brought to face the brutal facts in the case, but the truth is that Mr. Smith can no more be elected to-day than four years ago. The reasons are so many, and so overwhelming, that one doubts whether it is worth-while to try to tabulate them.

Why can't Al Smith be elected? Well, among other reasons, because he *is* Al Smith. The attempt to transform him into the Honorable Alfred Emanuel Smith never has made any progress, and never will. To the end of his days he will be Al Smith, wearing a brown derby, wisecracking out of one corner of his mouth, son of the Lower East Side (even Charley Curtis could put over that gag about "My opponent glories in 'The Sidewalks of New York,' but 'The Star Spangled Banner' is good enough for me!"), faithful son of the Church of Rome, and all the rest. In the light of these things it is hardly necessary to take into account the manner in which, during the last four years, Mr. Smith's status has altered, his stature diminished, until the man who made Raskob has himself become Raskob's man.

Neither is it necessary to point out how Mr. Smith's attempt to shift interest away from himself as the champion of anti-prohibition to himself as champion of a program of public works — as at the recent Jackson Day dinner — or as champion of a war-debt liquidation (as at the more recent Jefferson Day affair) left him without a genuine following. There are still millions of Democrats who ache for a chance to vote for Mr. Smith as long as he goes into battle waving a foaming stein, but their devotion wanes as soon as he tries to change his symbol. But the real root of Mr. Smith's political weakness lies in no rational cause whatever. (Political weakness, or strength, is seldom rational.) The real root of the trouble is in the brown derby and what goes with it. And if the Democrats think that the chances of Mr. Smith as a candidate have sufficiently improved in the last four years to make possible his election now, they are preparing for themselves a cold, gray dawn on the ninth day of next November.

Baker, Roosevelt, and Garner

Can Newton D. Baker be elected? I wonder. If I had to choose among the Democratic candidates, Mr. Baker would be my choice. He is indubitably the favorite among those upon whose views and knowledge of the country I am depending in making this analysis. Even his wetness, which would not recommend him to most ministers, does not seem to have hurt him seriously in the parts of the country that are the backbone of the prohibition movement. His minority report filed in the records of the Wickersham commission is regarded as something that has been written into the record, and is to be academically regretted. But it is felt that, in the matter of enforcement of the dry laws, which is the only actual issue now up or likely to be up in the immediate future, Mr. Baker as President would be quite as true to his oath as any other candidate, Mr. Hoover included. This, understand, is not the official Anti-Saloon League view, but I am persuaded that it is about the view that obtains in average, predominantly dry central and far western communities.

But can Mr. Baker be elected? Perhaps. Yet before answering the question, two disquieting factors, at least, must be taken into account. If Mr. Baker is nominated, it is altogether likely that he will have to face an almost united opposition from union labor. There is considerable question as to how important a consideration that would prove to be just now. Certainly the A. F. of L., the brotherhoods,

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and the independent unions are by no means as powerful as they were in the days of Samuel Gompers. But their opposition, if united, is not to be lightly dismissed. Mr. Hoover, to be sure, has never won any great following from labor. But Mr. Hoover has no such exaggerated open shop record as Mr. Baker has managed to compile in Cleveland. Once let a campaign get under way with Mr. Baker as the standard bearer, and there would be dragged up out of the propaganda of Cleveland's chamber of commerce declarations, with the name of Newton D. Baker attached, that would send shivers through every Democratic organization in every industrial center in the country.

Then there is the matter of Mr. Baker's internationalism: his whole-souled championship of American entrance into the League of Nations. To be sure, as the possibility of his nomination has become greater, Mr. Baker has done what he could to wash that issue out. He has explained that, as President, he would do nothing to take the country into the League, unless there was evidence that an overwhelming majority of his countrymen wanted to go in. But one may question whether such a declaration, however typical of an aspiring politician, has helped Mr. Baker's chances much. One of the real sources of his strength as a dark horse candidate has been his apparent sincerity, his apparent readiness to speak his real mind and stand by his real convictions without regard to the effect on his political fortunes. He has now, by his shuffling on the League, pretty well destroyed this impression. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether he has helped himself much with the people for whose benefit he made his disavowal. They have Newton D. Baker ticketed as a man not to be trusted, and it will take much more than a campaign declaration to make them forget their suspicions. And unfortunately, the nation is just going into another isolation tailspin, in which a general disillusion with world politics is going to make prevalent the mood of "America first and to hell with the rest." No one would be foolish enough, as matters stand to-day, to say that Mr. Baker cannot be elected. But any perception of the realities of American politics will compel admission that, if he should run, he would carry heavy handicaps.

Can Governor Roosevelt be elected? Apparently most Democrats think that he can be. I have listened to men high in the political life of the nation — not all of them Democrats, either — as they argued that Mr. Roosevelt, if nominated, is bound to win with a majority even greater than that given Hoover four years ago. But if there is any potential candidate whose vote-getting powers show signs of weakening under the stress of actual campaign, Governor Roosevelt is the man. It is possible that he might be built up again, if he had the backing of a united party, after the Chicago convention. But that is very doubtful. As things are going to-day, Mr. Roosevelt is weaker than he was two years ago, a year ago, a month ago. And almost every month he adds to his official record as Governor of New York, as well as every speech and document he sends forth, is further weakening him. Perhaps this is not yet apparent in the east. It is too clear to be mistaken throughout the rest of the country.

The main sources of this developing Roosevelt weakness are three. In the first place, he has made a poor national impression with his handling of the Tammany mess. Let it be admitted that he has been in a bad spot, that his chances of nomination would have been slim without the support of his own state's delegation, and that his state delegation will be composed in large part of Tammany or Tammany-influenced men. Yet the Governor's gingerly handling of the issues raised by the Seabury investigation is costing him votes. Rightly or wrongly, Tammany has become a sort of symbol of evil in American politics. The late William Jennings Bryan devoted a considerable portion of his time to the confirming of that symbol, and when Mr. Bryan laid himself out to plant a notion in the mind of the masses he was generally successful in the attempt. Just at present, the public believes that whatever else is required in the Presidential chair, the occupant must be a man of courage. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt is such a man. Certainly in respect of his personal surmounting of the physical handicaps visited upon him he has shown a very fine and appealing courage. (It is that, by the way, which comes close to being his strongest political asset at this moment.) But there is a difference between personal courage and political courage. Give the Republican campaigners four months in which to work on Governor Roosevelt's relation to the corruption of

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Tammany and it is difficult to estimate the result.

In the second place, as the preliminary canvass proceeds, Mr. Roosevelt is giving a disappointingly faithful depiction of the course of a run-of-mine office-seeking politician. The American public has nothing in particular against such politicians; long familiarity has made them a sort of expected feature of the national landscape. But the public does have a general feeling that, in this year, a mere office-seeker is not likely to be a candidate of sufficient stature for the Presidency. Yet every day's performance is deepening that impression of the Governor of New York. Hardly a week passes without some new exhibition on his part of his mastery of the fine art of the political straddle. He is wet, but not too wet; he is an economic liberal, but not too liberal; he is for international accord and coöperation, but not too much for international accord and coöperation. If you will jot down a list of the positions that seem to come closest to striking the average of American prejudices and preferences at the present moment, you will have an outline of the positions that Mr. Roosevelt may be confidently expected to have taken before the opening of the Democratic convention. Mr. Lippmann called the gubernatorial message in which Mr. Roosevelt called resoundingly for "leadership practical, sound, courageous and alert," a "studied attempt to straddle the whole country." And that, it must be confessed, is the opinion of the Governor that is gaining ground.

But the final, and most dangerous, cause of Governor Roosevelt's growing weakness as a candidate lies in the fact that he offers so little alternative to Mr. Hoover. After all, with conditions as they are, it is not at all certain that the nation will vote to turn Mr. Hoover out just to express its resentment. It may. On the other hand, it is increasingly likely that, by the time the hour of choice arrives, it will be in no mood to change leaders unless the change offers real advantages in increasing the national courage and the national wisdom. Does Mr. Roosevelt offer this sort of alternative? As to his courage, enough has already been said. As to his wisdom — well, what is one to say of the mental qualities of a man who, in a single state paper, is able to call for "the reconstruction of a better ordered civilization" and affirm that "the American system of economics and government is everlasting?" As editor of the principal Democratic newspaper in New York, Mr. Lippmann may be presumed to have known Governor Roosevelt fairly well. His verdict is the verdict toward which the nation at large is verging: "He is a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President."

And now, to bring this consideration of candidacies to an end, what about the chances of the Honorable John Nance Garner? If this had been written two months ago Mr. Garner despite the handicap of his Hearst endorsement — would have forced command as the most likely dark horse nominee. His qualifications were exactly those which, in the past, have given the prize to other dark horses. He has been a friend to everybody, an enemy to nobody, and identified with no controversial issue of importance. But to-day the Garner boom seems fully deflated. The entire lack of leadership shown by the Speaker during the days when the House was wrestling with the sales tax has made the people lose interest in the gentleman from Texas much faster than, under the Hearst stimulation, that interest was once aroused.

What, then, is the sum of the whole matter? That Mr. Hoover will be reëlected? No, Mr. Hoover may be defeated. But a wave of reaction, at least against his blind condemnation, has already begun to build itself up, and is moving steadily from west to east. This may not prove strong enough to reëlect him. But any candid consideration of the actual candidacies that are proposed will show that it is folly to claim that any Democrat can win, because there are some Democrats who certainly cannot win. Even the best of the Democratic candidates carry certain handicaps. Perhaps none of them can win. One thing is clear: the campaign is far from offering predestined victory to either party. To anyone who knows this country west of the Hudson, the odds today seem no better than ever. My expectation is that by election eve Mr. Hoover will be at least a 2 to 1 favorite over whoever may be his Democratic opponent.

This Concludes The Forum's Series of "Presidential Possibilities"

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Chautauqua

The Intellectual Circus

by **MARIAN JOHNSON CASTLE**

THE GREAT brown tent was empty. The band had departed, carrying bulging silver instruments in flannel cases. The speaker of the evening had flapped his coat tails, sipped a final glass of water, and stalked majestically off to his hotel. The last anxious little girl had darted back under the tent walls to hunt for a dropped handkerchief or a forgotten hat. Only the clink of money in the cashier's booth outside broke the silence.

I stood in the middle aisle and gazed about this vast, shadowy tent. At the rows and rows of plank benches on hard-packed grass. At the platform, adorned with flags and a pock-marked piano. At the strings of pennants and the festoons of light bulbs.

I had just seen my first Chautauqua.

The evening had left a peculiar impression. In profound amazement I had watched the flivvers and buckboards arriving a full hour before the program began, the prancing local committee ushering in the Sunday-garbed horde, the front seats overflowing with explosive children, the crescendo of excitement caused by the tuning of invisible musical instruments — until that magic moment when the ever-so-slightly strutting local chairman made his speech of welcome, and the Elk Tooth Chautauqua was officially begun.

The same hysterical appreciation had lasted throughout the evening. The audience had clapped for me, its girl superintendent, as I outlined the six days ahead: the children's hour each morning, followed by an afternoon and evening program of music and lectures and plays. It had clapped too when I introduced the junior supervisor or "Story Lady"; it had hurrahed the perspiring efforts of the band; it had cheered the pompous lecture on Making the Best of Life. Here was a responsiveness I could scarcely comprehend.

Two months before, when I spent a whole day with the manager in his middle-western office while he groomed me for a booker, I had been initiated into Chautauqua myself. To book meant to obtain a contract signed by a group of men in the prospective Chautauqua town, guaranteeing the sale of a specified number of season tickets.

The manager paced up and down; he was eloquent. There seems to be something about the atmosphere of Chautauqua that is nourishing to oratory.

"And so you see —" he wound up largely, "— all you have to do is to point out to the key-man and the other public-spirited citizens of Elk Tooth that the Universal Chautauqua is the Greatest Educational Force on Earth. That it is the Poor Man's Forum, the University of the Middle Class!" He paused for breath.

"That, as guarantors," he continued, "they will have the privilege of bringing six days of Education, Inspiration, and Uplift to Elk Tooth. Why, Theodore Roosevelt called Chautauqau 'the most American thing in America'! So, you see, you simply can't fail to book Elk Tooth because —" here, as he paused, his glance happened upon some typed sheets on his desk, "— because we've got to break that long jump between Norwood and Pringo!"

I blinked. This was his first intimation of anything so mercenary as schedules. A moment before, I had been certain that he regarded me

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as one about to embark on a Life of Service. Now I saw that, after all, he viewed me solely as a saleswoman.

The Universal Chautauqua (or so I have called it) operated some half-dozen circuits west of the Mississippi, opening the first of June and closing the last of August. Each day on each of these circuits during the three months, a new Chautauqua opened in a new town. The session in the individual town lasted from five to seven days. Since the entertainers moved ahead a town a day, the stops had to be close together, with easy train connections between.

I realized now that Elk Tooth might need a Chautauqua, but not half so urgently as Chautauqua needed Elk Tooth. I became comfortably cynical about it all. At twenty, one cherishes one's disillusionments.

It was just after the war. For me that spring marked the end, simultaneously, of my bank account and my junior year in college. Like numerous other girls in the United States, I turned to Chautauqua as a source of easy money. I applied to the Universal Circuit for a job, because the Universal used a good many girls to book, to act as advance agents, and to superintend.

Drawings by Donald McKay

From other promoters, or "workers," I had gathered that if you doled out plenty of promissory glances to prospective contract signers, but followed them with only the strictest discretion, Chautauqua offered quick and respectable returns to a twenty-year-old girl.

The manager had decided to let me try booking during the month of May. Then, when the circuits opened, I was to do advance work on a six-day circuit whose itinerary coiled like a snake across the northwest states.

Elevating Elk Tooth

I arrived in Elk Tooth. Suddenly I realized that I was a thousand miles from home. That it was a cold, raw spring. That nobody wanted Chautauqua, and that I had to convince everybody that he did want it.

How I hated smug Elk Tooth! How I agonized over that dreadful contract. How I envied every telephone operator, every waitress, every office girl, because her job did not depend on forcing Chautauqua down people's throats.

I tried to find the "key-man" about whom the manager had been so glib. But key-men proved to be exceedingly elusive. I went to see the ministers. They were kind, but timid. After a frantic week, I inveigled a thin-necked young Latin teacher with a prominent Adam's apple to put his name down at the head of my contract. The business men sniffed at his signature; but the ice was broken. In a few days I had thirty names. I had succeeded with my first assignment.

These contracts, the importance of which the management advised us to minimize while we were getting signers, were in reality ingenious documents. Ingenious, because the signers could only lose. This group of twenty or thirty guarantors (pronounced guarantee-ers in the villages) pledged themselves individually and collectively to dispose of from $1000 to $2000 worth of season tickets. Practically everything above this guaranteed minimum went to the Chautauqua company. But anything *under* this amount had to be brought up to the guarantee by the signers themselves. Always, after I had safely got my contract — and always I strove desperately to get it — I relaxed and let myself pity the poor guarantors a little. A lot of hard work, less honor, and no pay!

A few towns I failed to sign up. Others I booked in half a day. I learned to use every argument and blandishment I could devise to force these hard-headed farmers and small-town business men to sign my contract.

I learned many things. I grew adept with time tables. I became thoroughly initiated into the fraternity of those who travel for business. I learned to pass a helping word along about which hotels were "bowl-and-pitcher joints"; which had poor beds, or cockroaches, or worse. I learned not to be insulted when people took me for a corset saleswoman or a traveling "light lady." I took discomforts as part of the day's work.

It was a great treat when I crossed paths

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with other Chautauqua girls, so that we could exchange such tips as:

"Look out for the chairman in Cold Spring! I was there in April. He's a 'pawer and patter'." Or: "Handle the men in Norton with gloves. They're still sore because last year their date conflicted with the county fair, and the company refused to change it!"

Presently I was summoned from my booking to a rally of workers and talent on my particular circuit. We congregated in a large hotel in a certain western city.

I was immediately curious about the aloof entertainers, or, as they were termed, the "talent." The musicians — the famous and slightly passé prima donna, the quartette, the trio, the band. The lecturers — the ex-president of the Rotary Club, the school superintendent, the impoverished editor of a highbrow monthly.

But we workers were friends at once. I found all the girls a distinct American type. Dynamic, vivacious, given to many gestures and extravagant emphasis of speech. All "nice" girls from good, middle-class homes. Most of them were earning their way through college. Nowhere but in America could girls have filled just such positions as they did in Chautauqua. Unchaperoned, usually traveling alone, their entire business contacts with strange men in strange towns — yet they remained militantly "nice" through it all.

I was young enough to be both cynical and excited over the rally. Cynical because of the propaganda. Excited because of the proximity of so many good-looking college boys, who were either members of the band and the tent crew, or workers like myself.

We listened to volley after volley about Inspiration, Education, and Uplift. It needed only cheer-leaders and megaphones. During a dramatic pause, one of the tent crew leaned forward and whispered:

"Remember now — a touchdown to-morrow for dear old Hokum! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

I giggled.

I was now graduated from booking to doing advance work. Hereafter, in my particular town, I was to spend the six days just prior to the Chautauqua session attending to publicity, securing the vacant lot for the tent, and getting the lumber for the seats. But my chief job would be rounding up the ticket sales.

Although on each circuit there was but one set of entertainers, which moved ahead a day at a time, it was necessary to have seven or eight individual advance workers, junior girls, tent boys, and superintendents. It was a gigantic and carefully planned game of leap-frog.

Advance work proved to be a shade less grim than booking. But I still had little social life. Chautauqua had not started yet. It was pretty much a matter of lonely evenings in a hotel bedroom, and days spent in anxious labor speeding up the everlasting selling of those tickets.

We used the methods of the recent Liberty Bond drives. There were captains and teams and daily reports. I made it a practice to go out with a different team captain each day. The men were obviously flattered when I accompanied them. Staid, paunchy family men with gravy spots on their vests became coltish and vigorous about selling their tickets when a young girl was along.

It was considered a patriotic duty for everybody to support Chautauqua. Merchants used strong-arm methods upon other merchants to induce them to buy season tickets: "Sure, you can take ten! Why, you got six in your own family, ain't you?"

We combed the countryside for miles in every direction. Often a town with a population of 500, including babies and cripples, would dispose of 700 season tickets. It meant that the committee of guarantors had to sell to people over a wide rural region.

Those pitiful, barren, dry-farm homes! Sun-baked, unpainted shacks without screens. Babies tumbling out the doors. Tired, work-sodden mothers. I still shudder at the glimpse I had into some of the homes behind those bedraggled skirts.

I shall never forget the first of these farm women. The committee man and I repeated to her the good old ballyhoo about Music and Lectures and Education and Inspiration. As we talked I saw a spark flicker in her dull eyes. She brushed back her wilted hair, shifted the baby to her other hip, and listened. Presently a sort of holy determination shone in her face. When we left, money that ought to have gone for shoes, or outing flannel, or window screens, went for three season tickets.

There were countless thousands like her. In what other nation on earth could a so-called

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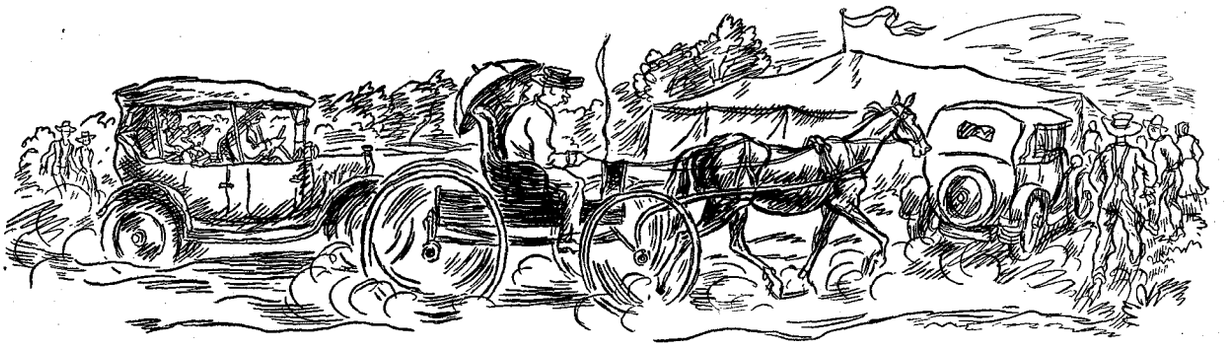

peasantry be found which would voluntarily sacrifice itself so cruelly for that frail thing called culture?

I encountered towns that could not sell all of their tickets. Failures. Harassed guarantors would tell me that they had done their best, but that there simply were not enough people in the region to buy the required number of season tickets. What would the Chautauqua company do to help?

I had to break it to them that the Chautauqua company would do — precisely nothing. Inwardly I stormed at that steel-trap contract. But I was a part of the machine. On the surface I had to keep up the sunny pretense that I thought the company was a cross between a charitable organization and a free college.

Wandering Minstrels

After a month of this advance work, I had another promotion. I was to superintend the actual six-day Chautauqua itself. The term, superintend, was a bit of a euphemism. It was true that I was required now to introduce the talent from the platform, supervise the tent boy and the junior girl, look after the ticket-taking, and generally oversee the whole program. But my real job was to re-contract each town. By the end of the fifth night I was supposed to have obtained the necessary signatures on the next year's contract. This was nothing but booking, dressed up with crowds and music.

Elk Tooth, which was the first town I had ever booked, was also the first town in which I superintended. Although I had been a worker for two months, it was here that I actually saw my first Chautauqua program. It was here that I felt for the first time that naïve responsiveness of a village Chautauqua audience.

The more I heard, the more skeptical I became about the quality of our programs. I came to classify all musical performances as either the boom-boom (near-classical) or the tinkle-tinkle (saccharine ballads). I likewise divided the lectures into three types; the home-mother-heaven; the humorous-but-oh-so-pure; and the instructive-but-not-too-cerebral.

Presently I decided that the talent was pretty much like any troupe of vaudeville performers, plus a slight flavor of sanctity. The same dishabille in hotel corridors. The same casual visiting back and forth in each other's rooms. The same jealousies. The same spasms of platformitis common to prima donnas, preachers, college deans, and sword-swallowers. The same avid preoccupation with their own doings. Likewise, the same flash-in-the-pan love affairs.

There were all sorts of personalities among the talent. There was the honey-voiced woman lecturer who rhapsodized over The Privilege of Shaping Young Lives (she'd never had time to launch any young lives herself) and who slapped the landlady's child for opening her cold cream jar. There was the unctuous, elderly school principal who lectured on Nobler Living and Higher Thinking, and who turned out to be a "pawer and patter." The girl workers retaliated by calling him "Pop."

My new job as superintendent had its own special set of troubles. I lived through harrowing moments when the talent arrived too late for the afternoon program because of schedules which only a flea could have followed. There was the member of the college boys' band who had a disrupting penchant for chambermaids. There was the cellist who just would get discreetly drunk upon occasions. There was the housing problem for our dark-skinned Hawaiians. There was the junior girl who had to have her cigarette just before she conducted her story hour, even in our most strait-laced villages. There was the perpetual problem of

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policing the front rows of noisy children at each performance — parents could not be offended, but neither must the audience suffer.

The big brown tents themselves were always an anxiety. Once a violent storm blew up during the evening's program. The two giant telephone poles in the middle of the tent began to sway ominously. The electric light bulbs danced a macabre dance on their wires. The straining canvas side-walls bellied taut.

The crowd grew frightened. Children shrieked. Instantly the musicians swung into the old reliable "Pack Up Your Troubles," while we shepherded that entire audience out on to the street to safety. Five minutes later the lights went out. Ten minutes later the entire tent crashed, a writhing mass of poles and wreckage.

But there were pleasant surprises, too, in my new job. The fifth night was the meatiest fare on our whole program. It was the lecture on present-day economics by the impoverished editor of the impoverished highbrow monthly. It was, without doubt, the heaviest discourse ever offered by the company. And it proved almost indigestible to our semi-rural audiences.

The first time, in Elk Tooth, that I heard him, I sensed at once the restlessness of the audience. "Oh, dear!" I thought frantically, completely reversing my former attitude, "the company ought to have known better than to offer anything so stiff! They'll just walk out on him in a body!"

It didn't turn out to be quite that bad. The women — better able to endure suffering than the men — for the most part sat stoically through the lecture. But a good many fathers sheepishly picked up their wriggling offspring and carried them out. But the queer part of it was that these very men who could not understand the lecture did not deride it. And always there were a few intellectual exiles in the audience who reveled in that fifth-night lecture.

When I came to re-contract, I was startled to find that one of my most clinching arguments was this very lecture. These people *wanted to want* what was good, and they'd learn to like it if it killed them!

There was the eager young mother who rushed up to the junior girl and me to tell us that, owing to the advice of last year's Story Lady, the town had installed its first playground equipment — slides and rings and bars. She was touchingly certain that the entire Chautauqua system was concerned over the improvement.

There was a weather-beaten mother who shyly told us that last year's pageant for the children (with costumes furnished by the Chautauqua) had turned her Mary from a moony, fidgety child into a happy one.

"She didn't know her left foot from her right till the Story Lady taught her to march. And now she's crazy about gallivanting around in cheesecloth! There's been a reg'lar epidemic of church and school plays. It don't seem to do no harm. . . ."

She faltered and subsided. What she was trying to say was that beauty-starved little Mary had tasted for the first time the ecstasy of self expression.

The junior girl and I stared at each other soberly after she had gone.

I remember an apologetic hardware merchant in a small town who explained to me that the real reason why he worked so hard for Chautauqua and always closed his store to attend was that he'd never had any schooling to speak of himself. And now that his children were going to college, he wanted to do everything he could so they wouldn't be ashamed of him.

I recall an earnest and breathless woman who told me about the new reading club that had been formed as a result of a certain lecture the year before. A self-conscious Little Theater group proclaimed itself as the result of the plays produced on the Chautauqua program. I discovered that the phenomenal sale of *Main*

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Street could be heavily credited to the Main Streets of America. Yet Sinclair Lewis called Chautauqua "nothing but wind and chaff and the heavy laughter of yokels."

I came near losing a bit more of my cherished cynicism when a certain tolerant-eyed woman lecturer who gave what I considered to be sugar-and-water drivel, said to me gently one day, "You know, my dear, you have to feed people what they can chew!"

My guarded cynicism melted a little further when the manager, whom I had long censured, remarked almost paternally after an especially discouraging evening of walk-outs on the fifth night:

"Well, our audiences are coming along! By next year, when I spring that sociology professor on them, I'll bet a good nine-tenths will be able to sit it out!"

Surely, he couldn't be honestly trying . . .?

I had to jerk myself up sternly then with the reminder that Chautauqua was nothing but organized hokum — sired by Sunday schools and dammed by vaudeville!

Is It Hokum?

And then came the town of Dry River! Gallantly the men had paid their deficits for the two preceding years. This year I was sure they would not re-contract. Dry River was in the wheat belt. They had had three successive crop failures. For two winters influenza had raged, while whole families had been wiped out. Dry River was broken in spirit. The "de-fiss-it," which I was compelled to collect before I could re-contract, was fourteen dollars apiece.

Fourteen dollars! Only you who have lived in a two-room shack with a new baby each year to match your new crop failure, can imagine how much money fourteen dollars is.

I wouldn't even ask them, I decided as I looked into those twenty work-hardened faces. I had requested the guarantors to meet in the tent at the close of the last-night performance. I thanked them a little shakily for all they'd done. Then I fell silent. Even if it meant losing my job, I wouldn't try to cajole them into re-contracting.

Suddenly one of them spoke. "Bring out the new contract, Miss Superintendent. Us men have talked things over among ourselves. And we have decided that even though we may not be able to eat very rich fare this year, we got to keep on with the Chautauqua so we'll have somethin' nice to *think* about, anyhow!"

I gasped. And right then the very last of my crumbling cynicism dissolved. Never again would I be so open-handed with words like hokum and ballyhoo and blah. I was actually humble — for twenty.

Chautauqua is going. They say it has served its purpose in America. From the ten million who annually attended Chautauqua a decade ago, the numbers have dwindled now to a mere handful. Whole proud circuits have literally folded up their tents and disappeared.

Nowadays in even the smallest towns, "service clubs" offer men a chance for altruism and self-expression. Little Theaters, art groups, study clubs, offer women the same opportunities. People are more sophisticated — perhaps as a result of these very Chautauquas. A whole American generation of adults which has gone through high school and college is reaching maturity. The radio now brings high-priced talent to the farms. The talkies bring drama to the backwoods.

But who can say that some future historian may not write: "The circuit Chautauquas, which flourished from 1904 to 1930, should be ranked as one of the most significant indications of an awakening American culture"?

And no one can gainsay that Chautauqua was a fascinating composite of some of the best as well as the worst in Yankee traits. In spite of its management — sometimes benevolent, often cold; in spite of its workers — occasionally earnest, more often flippant; in spite of its talent — actually ranging on the Chautauqua and lyceum platforms from Billy Sunday to Herbert Hoover, from Swiss bell-ringers to Galli Curci; in spite of, or because of, this strange hodgepodge, those of us who have really lived and worked under the big brown tents can never quite forget.

Always we shall remember little ranch-bred waifs who found beauty in gallivanting around in cheesecloth. And inarticulate, work-hardened men who didn't want their educated children to be ashamed of them. And tired, sagging farm women who joggled the baby as they listened raptly to "Thank God for a Garden."

Who shall try to define the thing called Uplift? Or Education? Or Inspiration? . . . Certainly not I.

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Why Cities Go Broke

by **LOTHROP STODDARD**

One of the most amazing aspects of our topsy-turvy times is the threatened collapse of municipal government. Throughout the nation, a multitude of municipalities, large and small, are literally going broke. Our three biggest cities head an appallingly long list of urban centers which are in dire trouble. Almost everywhere we hear the same sad story of soaring civic costs, shrinking revenues, and staggering loads of debt.

Woodcut by Howard Cook

A few highlights flashed on the three most notorious offenders will give a vivid picture of what is going on. Chicago was first in the headlines. For the past two years, its civic woes have been front-page stuff. To-day, Chicago is practically insolvent. Its treasury is so nearly empty that funds are lacking for the most elementary civic services. With teachers and janitors unpaid for months, the schools are barely able to run. With scant appropriations for poor relief, hundreds of thousands of Chicago citizens are menaced by starvation. To cap the climax, Mayor Cermak recently announced that, unless the cash could be raised somehow, he might have to disband a large portion of the police and fire departments. And any sensible person knows that such a proceeding would spell something close to anarchy.

New York is not so badly off as Chicago. Yet its plight is bad enough. Only the other day, its citizens received startling notice that the city was nearing the financial rocks. Forced to raise a new loan to meet pressing expenditures, the metropolis had to pledge a high interest rate. When Mayor Walker accused the bankers of driving an unfair bargain, Wall Street coolly retorted that this was the only way the loan could be floated, because investors realized that New York was no longer an A-I credit risk and consequently had to be tempted by attractive interest inducements to take Father Knickerbocker's I.O.U's.

Perhaps the most significant sign of the times was what happened recently in Philadelphia. Like Chicago, the Quaker City (third largest in the country) cannot meet even current bills and salaries. The city fathers proposed to ease the situation by boosting the tax rate. The upshot was that a "taxpayers' mob," thousands strong, gathered at City Hall and tumultuously informed the Mayor that if their already intolerable burdens were made any heavier, there would be a taxpayers' strike. And the taxes were not raised!

These are not isolated cases. They are merely outstanding instances of municipal breakdowns numerous enough to fill a book. Indeed, a considerable number of cities and towns have gone into formal receiverships and are now being administered by state officials, much like ordinary bankrupt corporations.

Now what does all this mean? Why are so many of our municipalities falling down on the job? The answer is of tremendous importance to the vast majority of us. America is fast

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becoming an urbanized nation. The last census showed that well over half the total population lived in cities and towns. And even the country folks are so dependent upon urban prosperity that they, too, have a vital interest in the city's well-being. The present plight of our cities is a truly national problem which touches us one and all.

The Depression Is Not to Blame

To ask "What ails our cities?" is easy. To answer is difficult. The more we look at the matter, the more we discover that it is the result of many factors, some local and temporary and others nationwide and of long standing.

One factor we can quickly dispose of. The present plight of our municipalities is not primarily due to the current depression. Of course, it has aggravated their financial situation by diminishing tax receipts at the very moment when they were faced with suddenly increased expenditures, especially for wholesale relief due to mass unemployment. But that, alone, would never have caused the acute crisis which now exists, if the situation had not already been unsound. For years past, students of municipal affairs have warned that most of our cities and towns were spending and borrowing unwisely; that they were living so far beyond their means that a day of reckoning was inevitable.

Well, then, why this well-nigh universal civic extravagance? Let us examine the various charges, one by one.

The most frequent charge is "rotten politics." That is the stock answer which has been made for generations. "Cut out graft, bossism, and attendant corruption, and our cities would be O.K.!" asserts the old-fashioned reformer.

He can adduce a lot of evidence, too. What could be more striking than the facts unearthed by the Seabury investigation during the past year? Mr. Seabury has conclusively proved how deep Father Knickerbocker has to dig into his wallet to feed so expensive a pet as the Tammany Tiger. Nothing more laughable in the annals of civic exposure has ever been recorded than the explanations of New York officials as to how they "got it." Burly Tammanyites, proved to have banked large fortunes on relatively microscopic salaries, have told weird tales of wonderful tin boxes, anonymous gifts, and casual loans by forgotten benefactors as the source of their mysterious wealth, aggregating many millions of dollars. Mr. Seabury does not overstate the matter when he pungently depicts "these amazing creatures who take the stand, admit sums of this kind, and give you a cock-and-bull story as to where they got it from; a story that is just as amazing as they are."

Yet, despite all this, we should not jump to the conclusion that graft is the main cause of our present civic troubles. Admitting the full seriousness of New York's present shortcomings, they are not a patch on the brazen grafting the old town endured under Croker and Tweed; grafting, be it noted, which was characteristic of most American cities in those days. Furthermore, none of the municipal investigations undertaken elsewhere during the past decade have unearthed scandals anything like so bad as those of former times. This leads us to conclude that, taking the country as a whole, municipal politics have been getting distinctly better — that is to say, more honest — during the past twenty years.

Indeed, New York City politics are to-day probably below the national average. Strange though it may seem offhand, New York, though ranking first in size, is civically a backward community. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Besides the handicap of its unwieldy bulk, our metropolis is still what it always has been — a boom town with correspondingly low civic standards. There is a deal of truth in the old gag that there are almost no native-born New Yorkers. The population is recruited not only from every state in the Union but from the very ends of the earth. Those swarming multitudes came thither, not because they deemed New York an ideal residence but because they wanted to make money. Never has that conglomerate mass of humanity evolved true civic feeling or ideals. Indeed, many distinguished "New Yorkers" are political transients. They work in the metropolis, but they sleep and vote elsewhere — usually as far away as they can comfortably commute. Instead of leading the van of good government, therefore, New York will possibly be one of the last cities to be genuinely reformed.

Graft is obviously not the root cause of the present crisis, else our cities would have gone broke under our fathers or grandfathers, rather than to-day. Where else, then, should we seek

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the main source of our present troubles? Does it lie in the structure of municipal government itself?

Here, too, a plausible case can be made out. The tale of our cities is, for the most part, a melancholy one. Behind all the corrupt misgovernment which has afflicted them at various times lies the extraordinary fact that we literally *drifted* into municipal government. When America set up in business for itself as a nation after the Revolution, not a single genuine city, in the modern sense of the word, was to be found within its borders. The census of 1790 gave Philadelphia 42,000 inhabitants, New York 33,000, Boston 18,000. Baltimore and Charleston were the only two other places with populations over 8,000.

These early municipalities were so crude that they did not enjoy the conveniences of even small towns to-day. Take New York, for example. At that time, it had no policemen; only a few superannuated night watchmen who, as "guardians of the peace," were a joke. There was absolutely no fire protection, not a single public school, and neither sewage system nor water supply. As for the Health Department, it consisted of scavenger hogs which roamed the unpaved streets and rooted among the garbage that housewives tossed nonchalantly into the back yards or even onto the thoroughfares. It didn't take much brains, cash, or expert training to run a town in those days.

This lack of cities didn't worry our forebears; on the contrary, they deemed it a blessing and hoped it might never be otherwise. Thomas Jefferson undoubtedly voiced the feeling of his day when he compared great cities to great sores. The Fathers of the Republic had no municipal problems and did not bother their heads about such things. Neither the Federal nor the original State Constitutions mentioned municipal government in any way. The nonexistent city was ignored. The future was left to take care of itself.

So matters stood for about a generation. Then, suddenly and without warning, a mushroom growth of cities appeared in America. Faster and faster they grew. Between 1820 and 1850, for instance, New York's population swelled from a scant 100,000 to 500,000. Yet nobody paid much attention to this astounding transformation. The city didn't fit into the scheme of things so nicely arranged by the Fathers of the Republic. To study municipal politics was then deemed beneath the notice of statesmen.

Therefore the city was left to the tender mercies of local politicians, who governed on the principle then so popular: "to the victors belong the spoils!" In those days, men took their politics like their liquor — straight. Hence, every election might see City Hall cleaned out, from mayor to janitor, and a new crowd of office-seekers installed, hungry for graft and densely ignorant of their municipal "duties." No wonder our cities were plundered and misgoverned in atrocious fashion.

In time, the thinking minority revolted against this shameful state of things. But these first reformers did not know what to do. There were no tested programs of action, no traditions of good municipal government. The general public, knowing nothing better, took existing conditions for granted and had to be educated into demanding better things. The progress of reform was slow and disheartening. When Lord Bryce looked us over in the late eighties, he was appalled, not only at our bad city governments but at the fact that few persons were thinking or doing much about them. It is less than two generations since the problem was really tackled.

Once fairly started, however, progress was rapid. By the year 1900, the reform movement was in full swing. "Honesty and Economy!" was the battle cry. Then, as those goals began to be approached, there was added a new watchword: Efficiency! Municipal administration began to be looked at less as a phase of government than as a matter of business. And that is the way it should be regarded. After all, keeping order, regulating the public health, and similar governmental functions are a relatively small part of a city's total activities, which are mostly routine chores like paving streets, laying sewers, emptying ash barrels, and similar humdrum jobs. Theoretically there is no reason why these things should not be done just as well and just as cheaply by a city as by a private corporation. They would be done that way if politics were rigidly excluded.

That is what forward-looking men long ago realized. Accordingly, for the past thirty years there has been a steady effort to put more business into municipal government. And this

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efficiency movement has had widespread success. New forms of city government have been introduced — notably the Commission Plan and the City Manager Plan. Several of our large cities, such as Buffalo, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, together with many smaller ones, are to-day under one or another of these nonpartisan, businesslike types of administration. Of course, the goal of thoroughgoing efficiency is still far from having been attained. Not long ago, Professor William Bennett Munro, an authority on municipal government, estimated that, taking the country as a whole, municipal employees averaged only sixty per cent as efficient as those of up-to-date private corporations. Still, the average urban taxpayer sees his dollar go much further to-day than it did a generation ago. Slowly but surely, our cities are getting on an efficiency basis.

But even "efficiency," in the narrower sense of the word, isn't the whole story. This is shown by the fact that some cities known to be run honestly and economically are right now in very bad financial shape.

Boosting into Bankruptcy

Well, then, if neither criminal graft nor reckless waste is the main reason for our present civic troubles, what is their root cause? The answer seems to be: thoughtless, planless extravagance.

Despite a much higher standard of honesty, despite marked improvement in technical economy and efficiency, the average American city government, great or small, has been living beyond its means. The current depression has merely brought to a head unsound spending and borrowing evils that have long been going on.

Of course, students of municipal affairs warned us of what was happening. But the general public did not listen, because the average American citizen had come to believe in permanent prosperity and blithely discounted the future. Municipal governments thus merely reflected popular optimism in their civic policies. They boosted tax rates and floated bond issues, not wrongfully or recklessly, but for causes which, though individually right and proper, collectively made up too ambitious a program to be undertaken in so short a time.

One of the chief causes for this general trend toward municipal extravagance is our national mania for "keeping up with the Joneses." Almost every American city has some municipal rival which it dearly loves to outdo. Suppose Jamestown installs a new system of cluster lights on its Main Street. Instantly the patriotic citizens of Johnstown, over in the next county, yearn for an equally good miniature imitation of the Great White Way. Again, suppose Johnstown erects a fine brick high school. The old wooden structure at Williamstown becomes an eyesore to its loyal boosters, who clamor for a bond issue to erect a new seat of learning which will go Johnstown one better. And so it goes with parks, playgrounds, boulevards, World War memorials, and a hundred other matters. Each one good in itself, of course. But, taken together, not so good — from a solvency and credit point of view.

In one way only could those civic ambitions be justified; on the premise that the old town would keep on growing, that land values would continue to rise steadily, and that most everybody would have a steady job. For quite some years it looked as if they *were* justified. Then, back in 1929, something happened in Wall Street, and since that dark October day nothing has been the same. A lot of lovely theories have gone into the discard, and our cities have bumped up against some very hard economic realities.

They find, for instance, that citizens can't pay their current tax bills, to say nothing of standing higher tax rates. They find that new municipal loans can't be floated on a depressed and deflated bond market. Indeed, our cities begin to realize that, with rents coming down like everything else, assessment valuations will have to be lowered — which spells decreased municipal income. How are fixed charges like bond interest to be met? How are the public services to be carried on at their present scale — to say nothing of new improvements? In short, how are those cities going to avoid going broke?

A Tale of Two Cities

However, before we get too gloomy over this disheartening prospect, let us remember the old saw about misfortunes being blessings in disguise. A tough course of sprouts at City Hall is the best harbinger of better civic times to come.

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First and foremost, we have some very cheering examples to go by. Not all of our cities fell for the expansive optimism of the late lamented New Era. A few kept their feet on the ground. And those noteworthy exceptions are now reaping their reward.

Suppose we take a look at two such cities: Milwaukee and Cincinnati. The first-named is geographically not far from Chicago, but civically it is poles asunder. We've already noted Chicago's unhappy plight. Now let's glance at Milwaukee's record.

To begin with, Milwaukee is almost one hundred per cent efficient. Its courts deal out even-handed justice, and do it with record speed. Every branch of the public service is run honestly, economically, and well.

But, in addition to all this, Milwaukee is one hundred per cent solvent. Last year (of all years!) it paid every bill and salary, spent almost lavishly for unemployment relief, and closed its books at the end of last December with a bank balance of nearly $4,000,000. Some record!

Radicals are getting a lot of satisfaction out of Milwaukee's civic prominence, because of the fact that its Mayor is a Socialist. But a closer inspection of the situation leads us to suspect that the result is due, not so much to Mayor Hoan's political beliefs as to the fact that he is an honest, fearless executive whose main ambition in life is to make a splendid civic record. We also note that his fellow citizens have shown their appreciation by reëlecting him uninterruptedly for the last fifteen years. Finally, we observe ever at his elbow an extremely capable non-partisan Controller who watches every dollar in the treasury with an eagle eye.

Our suspicion is confirmed when we turn to Cincinnati. There is nothing radical about that town. On the contrary, Cincinnati has a most reactionary past. Back in the days of Boss Cox, its name was a by-word for graft, bribery, and every sort of old-fashioned political corruption and chicane. However, a few years ago, Cincinnati adopted the City Manager Plan. In essence, that plan means that the citizens elect a non-partisan Board of Commissioners who, in turn, appoint a Manager. This Manager is not a politician but a trained executive, much like a German Burgomaster, whose profession is running towns on business lines and who makes that his life job.

Cincinnati picked a splendid Manager in the person of C. A. Dykstra. Absolutely unhampered by "politics," he runs Cincinnati as soundly as an up-to-the-minute business corporation. The result? Last year, Cincinnati paid every bill and salary promptly. So efficiently was each branch of the city government conducted that extra demands on the treasury for poor relief were almost entirely met out of departmental savings from the previous year, aggregating nearly $700,000. Furthermore, economies in the Water Department permitted a lowered schedule of water rates, which will save consumers $300,000 annually. On top of all this, Cincinnati paid off about $1,200,000 of its bonded debt and simultaneously cut its tax rate to $9.10 per thousand — the lowest tax rate of any American city of its size. Again — some record, especially in the year 1931!

Now what is the secret of these civic high-spots, which at first sight seem so miraculous? There isn't any miracle about it. The secret can be told in one short phrase: *a planned and balanced budget*. In other words, not only is every separate item of proposed expenditure closely scrutinized to make sure that it is proper in itself, but each item is considered in relation to every other item, and the whole budget is carefully planned so as to be both well balanced and in strict accord with the city's present revenues and financial prospects over the next year or two. In short, it's just the homely "family budget plan" which is to-day being widely recommended to American fathers and mothers, so that, when they go over their check books at the end of the year, they won't find themselves in the red.

What Cincinnati and Milwaukee have done, any American city, great or small, can do. And what is more likely to induce them to do it than the present financial crisis which is landing so many of them in such trouble?

Unless the average American is too dumb to profit by bitter experience (and I am willing to bet that he *isn't* that dumb!) our current civic ills should mean that the greatest wave of municipal progress this country has ever seen is just around the corner.

Next Month — An Article Telling How Milwaukee Does It

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Home from College

by **KATHERINE WYLER**

I

ONE DAY last summer I was sitting on a country club porch drinking lemonade with a boy who had just graduated from Harvard.

"And what will you do now?" I inquired, fishing for a cherry and idly watching our friends scattered over the well-cut lawn.

"I think," he answered, "that I'll go back to Cambridge and study law."

"Law!" I exclaimed. "Why, you're not a bit interested in law."

The boy hesitated. "I know it," he said. "But I think I'll go anyway. You see — I'm afraid to come home."

Probably if I had not gone away to college myself, he would never have given me this explanation. He would have professed the legal ambitions with which he convinced his family. But because I did go away to college I understood him perfectly. He felt that at Harvard he was a thinking person — or at least that he was alive with potentialities. He knew that at home the psychology of old, familiar places and the pressure of lifelong intimacies killed all sparks. Because country club life, his father's business, and marrying the socially correct girl appealed strongly to a part of him much older than his new self-consciousness, he feared lest he should follow the path of least resistance, cease fighting entirely, and sink into a pleasant lethargy.

His is not an exceptional case. I have talked to a good many college students from middle western and southern towns, and I find that many of us postpone as long as we can the evil day when we must return to our families. We are afraid to go home.

When I walk down the street on the first morning of Easter vacation and bump into girls and boys just back from Wellesley or Princeton, we greet each other rapturously.

"Oh, hello, how are you?" we cry.

The answer is almost invariably, "Why I'm fine — I feel as if I'd never been away at all!"

And we *do* feel as if we'd never been away at all. The town may have added a house here and repaved a street there; our parents are perhaps a bit stouter, and little Johnny Green may be wearing long pants now — but the fundamental feeling of *home* is just the same. The girl who has traveled about with perfect efficiency all winter falls back into the old habit of explaining to mother where she is going, why she is going, and how she is going all vacation. The boy who has kept house comfortably with two classmates, now, no longer on his own, scatters his clothes so freely over his room that the maid can hardly get in in the morning to clean up. The young people find themselves meeting each other in the same places to do the same things that they did before they went to college. Each may be returning from a different institution, but by their chatter an observer might think they had been home all winter.

For the few of us who realize how we have fallen back into the old habits of thought and action, rebellion is difficult. Many a college student has got off the train his first Christmas vacation crammed full of new emotions and new outlooks, eager to talk and compare and inform. He is promptly sat upon. He is ridiculed and misunderstood. People themselves a few years out of college are the most scornful of his recently developed individuality — perhaps because they resent the fact that they have so soon lost their own spirit and have been so quickly pressed back into the mold.

By the time the eager young freshman has quarreled with his parents and been laughed at by his girl, he is likely to decide that, after all, vacation is just for two weeks and he might as well keep peace the short while he is home. He expresses no further opinions; he revives all the dependent childish habits he had in high school. And his mother cheerfully tells her friends: "I was afraid Jimmy had got a lot of new-fangled notions, but he's not changed a

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bit, thank Heaven." Because he finds surprisingly many fellow college people unsympathetic with his new outlook, the rebel usually applies to them the same state-of-coma technique that he uses with his family and other stay-at-homes. To be sure, small groups of vacationists get together to compare their new lives and curse "this damn town." The discovery of a kindred spirit is an exciting event, but sometimes mistakes are made: one can never be sure who will be ready for an unorthodox conversation. So we decide that after college, when we're home for good, we'll assert ourselves and explain how we stand. Meanwhile, we can suffer in silence. Yet when the first week is over the suffering is comparatively easy; the old ways seem pleasant and convenient. The result is that for the remainder of our four years in college we just close up our minds every vacation. This peculiar process is known as "turning off the works to go home." Fortunately, vacations are short.

II

"AFTER COLLEGE," however, is not short. For the graduate who is quite unchanged, life is, of course, easy. Of those who planned really to assert themselves after college there are two groups. The larger of these starts out with the old vacation tactics and soon finds them too convenient to discard. Before long its members cease even to think and feel what they do not express, and, except for occasional twinges of conscience, are the same as those who did not change at college or who did not go at all. The remaining graduates do assert themselves and try to live as they lived at college. But they have such a hard time that many of them sooner or later revert to meek docility — at first consciously and then unconsciously. No wonder that we are afraid to go home.

It is difficult to understand *why* the college graduate should have to make such a struggle to live his own life in our smaller middle western and southern cities. No one is prouder than his townsmen when the high school student gets good College Board marks and matriculates. Grandma boasts that Mary is on the Freshman Honor List at the State University, and Uncle John proudly informs the lunch table at the Business Men's Club that Bill is Phi Beta Kappa at Yale. Yet these same people resent any evidence of college education in the graduate. It is perhaps jealousy, perhaps a peculiar fear of insecurity, perhaps merely an attachment to the familiar. Sometimes I think they send us away to college for prestige alone.

Our townspeople do everything to develop our minds, and then they refuse to let us think. "See what college has done to her," they say, as a mark of disapprobation; or, worst epithet of all, "He's getting positively *Red!*" This sort of criticism is funny at first, but after dealing with it constantly and never wearing it down an inch, one tends to become rather disheartened. Many of the critics read nothing and hear nothing, yet they know everything.

For those few graduates who overcome the fatal inclination to relax and let things slide, and who take the further step of braving criticism and holding to their personalities, no new stimulus appears. They can get a little way on the ideas they brought home from college, but academic formulae are rapidly outgrown. Reading palls if there is nobody with whom to discuss it. The sad little groups of college people who form "Contemporary Clubs" feel so inadequate and distant from the main current of thought that they soon abandon the effort. Good lectures are usually rare in even middle-sized towns, and every year there are fewer and fewer good plays.

"But," thinks the young graduate, "there must be *some* people in this town who live active mental lives. I will meet them."

When we leave college we are desperately in need of meeting people. Part of the reluctance to come home is caused by the pain of being separated from college companionship — both individual and collective. We feel alone. Our home town acquaintances are still our friends from force of habit, and are likely to remain so if for no better reason, but they are inadequate. Nevertheless, inadequate or not, it is these people from whom it is most difficult to escape. There is a binding strictness about the social structure of a small middle western community which no one who has not experienced it can fully appreciate. Often the very difficulty of breaking out of one's own set and into a set more mentally alert causes one to give up any attempt at independence, and to settle into the accepted groove — to be, as a certain disconsolate young graduate expressed it, "just another fat, rutty person."

The "people in this town who live active

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mental lives" are usually concerned with the arts and professions. They often form a lively, intelligent group, but unless one is an artist of some sort, a newspaper man, or a reforming lawyer, the gates will probably be closed. And, for girls especially, they are not easy to open. "My girls will never take a job while I can support them," expresses a widespread opinion in most small towns. A truly persevering young person can, however, probably force his way into one of the intellectual or artistic crowds — either by interesting himself in the arts and professions included, or occasionally by sheer personality and brain power. Such an entrance demands considerably more cold-blooded self-confidence and driving purpose than many of us possess; but it is, I think, one of the solutions for the intelligent graduate. However, only the strongest and cleverest outsiders get into these circles. The rest adapt themselves, as the years pass, to the pressure of social ridicule and to general inertia.

III

This throwing-away of four or more college years seems to me a deplorable thing. Some time ago I read an article in the *Vassar Quarterly* by a graduate who regretted the fact that young people come home from college and try to show everyone else how to run the town. I agree that the self-sure, just-hatched manner of some of the young reformers is annoying, and that many of their ideas are worthless — but I cannot see why students should be expected and encouraged to learn new things and then never be allowed to use them. Few towns are so perfect that they cannot stand some reform. If all the initiative is pressed out of young people, who is to improve the city? Why did they send us to college?

I do not think that the new individualities which some of us gain at college, and which we prize so dearly, are necessarily of any value. But I do think that coming home completely satisfied with life as we find it there and settling down as if we had never been away is far worse than being a little irritating to older and wiser heads. I grant that the heads may be older and wiser — that the unintellectual, material family life is, perhaps, the inevitable good life after all. But I believe that we should be allowed to discover these truths for ourselves, and that we should not be first trained and then forbidden to speak.

Few young people have the ability to fight through a wall of deadening opposition. Many of them put off as long as possible the day when they must go home to live; some of the most clear-seeing never go back at all. Most of these settle in or near New York. Here they can usually be sure of "keeping in contact," of finding some sort of congenial friends, and — in good years at least — getting a job. How satisfactory this exile is, I do not know. Even if they retain their overwhelming desire to "keep in contact" they are pulled by love for their families and their countryside. Some of them cannot help feeling guilty of what their townspeople call their spoiled selfishness, and despite their sophistication they grow tired of skyscrapers day in and day out.

A few scattered college people are beginning to seek new homes in still smaller communities than those from which they came. They hope to start fresh and new, as did their parents or grandparents, and to find their own places under the sun. They think that, free from all the insufferable customs of their home towns, they can make their own groups with their own college friends, form public opinion, perhaps even influence government. Furthermore, they are more likely to condone quaintness in villagers than obtuseness in relatives.

Such a plan is idealistic and perhaps utterly impractical, but it is, I think, worth trying. For it attempts constructive changes rather than a cynical surrender to the line of least resistance. It demands more courage and more intelligence than the escape to New York. And only those who thoroughly believe in the back-to-the-land movement follow it.

But perhaps these high-thinking young graduates will develop another small town civilization as cramping and as inconsistent as the one from which they fled. Will their children, drinking lemonade on a sunny summer porch, find it incredible that mother and father — college people — should have preferred this stodgy little place to New York? Will they too be "afraid to go home?"

This Series of Articles on the Problems of the Younger Generation Will Be Continued in Our Next Issue

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On the Summer Air

by **DARWIN L. TEILHET**

FORMERLY June marked the beginning of the radio doldrums, an enjoyable period lasting through three splendidly quiet months. Hot weather static raised so much hell with radio transmission that many sponsors permitted their public to amuse itself until September. But no longer! This year modern superheterodyne radio sets, the new pentode tubes, and more powerful, efficient transmitting equipment will help to put the Indian sign on summer static. Consequently, this season should be interesting for those who believe that radio is science's ultimate blessing. Broadcasters are going to make every effort to increase the summer audience by improved programs. Here is a resumé of some of them.

THE FOLLIES ON THE AIR

Ziegfeld Follies of the Air, with Florenz Ziegfeld, various Ziegfeld luminaries, Eddie Dowling, Lupe Velez, assisted by voices from Mr. Ziegfeld's current stage productions.

Don Ball, announcer. Arranging, rehearsing, and directing by Ziegfeld. Sponsored by Chrysler Motor Company. 26 minutes, 40 seconds of advertising for Mr. Ziegfeld and 2 minutes, 20 seconds for Chrysler Motors. C.B.S. 10:30–11:00 P.M. (Eastern Daylight Saving Time) every Sunday. In the opening program Mr. Ziegfeld stated that he was proud of his reputation for "keeping sophistication out of his shows and making them fit for his daughter, Patricia." Well, that reputation is still intact. But the songs are good, so tune in.

We need television for a program like this, as Mr. Ziegfeld doubtless realizes. He tries to give the microphone eyes by telling us what we could be seeing. The illusion of theater is constantly invoked by reiteration of that sturdy radio bromide "— and now the scene shifts," whenever a new voice is introduced. Our visual imagination is aided by terrific applause from the sound technicians, plus the announcer's repeated assurances of "What a crowd there is to-night!"

Lupe Velez is the victim of the same thing that drained the color and personality away from Maurice Chevalier, Will Rogers, Georgie Jessel, and Elsie Janis. The microphone has yet to be built which will bring gestures and wriggles, no matter how seductive and amusing, to your front room. Eddie Dowling's popularity rests more on his voice, and his voice comes through unscathed in a manner to worry Messrs. Vallée, Downey, and Crosby.

The First Nighter, starring June Meredith, with Jack Doty and Don Ameche. Charles Hughes, amiable First Nighter.

Gene Rouse, announcer. Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. Dramatic continuity by Gale Morgan, Darrel Ware, John Janssen, Dorothy Blank, and other writers of talent. Technicians' names withheld. Sponsored by Campana Corporation. 4 minutes and a few seconds of pretty serious advertising relieved by well-executed dramatic sketches in a mythical "Little Theater off Times Square." N.B.C. WJZ network. 9:30–10:00 (E.S.T.) every Saturday night. By all means.

Mr. Ziegfeld tries hard to do what is done every week in "The First Nighter." Since the beginning of radio broadcasting there has been a continual attempt to evoke the illusion of place, of scenery, and of atmosphere. Few program directors have succeeded, because such illusions, of necessity based entirely upon audible impressions, are extraordinarily tenuous and fragile.

In "The First Nighter" the succession of illusions makes the program what it is. The trip in a taxicab to the theater off Times Square, the exciting entrance into the theater itself with the deft suggestions of lights and glamour, the subdued rustling of an audience impatiently waiting for the curtain to rise, the appearance of the actors on the stage in a new and often uncommonly good play, and finally the exit from the theater into the street, with the newsboys shouting the morning extras in

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the distance — all of these illusions are built up and caught in a swift, sure pattern of sound.

Because these illusions remain clear and sharp without a break, because the cast understands the technique of group acting before a microphone, and because some of the dramatic sketches rank among the first serious and successful efforts in writing directly for the radio, "The First Nighter" deserves your attention.

More Rubes

The Stebbins Boys, with Parker Fennelly and Arthur Allen.

James Wallington, announcer. Technicians' names withheld. Sponsored by Swift and Co. 1 minute, 22 seconds of advertising. Remaining time very rural comic strip of the air. N.B.C. WJZ network. 7:30–7:45 (E.S.T.) every night except Saturdays and Sundays. Seth Parker minus hymns. Take a portable phonograph on your vacation instead.

I know that the Stebbins Boys are steadily gaining in popularity, because I have seen the results of radio checks on their enormous audience. I am sure, therefore, that their unending succession of deliciously rural episodes must be interesting. Parker Fennelly as John Stebbins is no better than Arthur Allen as Esley Stebbins. They play the rôles of two eternally bickering bachelor brothers, proprietors of a combined hotel and general store in a place called Bucksport, Maine, which is one town I know I shall never visit. This program is unreservedly recommended to all Seth Parker enthusiasts who want to break the habit by taking gradually weakened doses.

Tibbett and the Revelers

The Voice of Firestone, with baritone Lawrence Tibbett and elocutionist Harvey S. Firestone, Jr.

Alois Havrilla, announcer. William Merrigan Daly's orchestra. Technicians' names withheld. Sponsored by Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. Advertising time — too long. But the remaining program makes up for it with Tibbett and orchestra. N.B.C. WEAF network. 8:30–9:00 P.M. (E.S.T.) every Monday. Even if all of Mr. Firestone's talented sons appear, tune in as long as Lawrence Tibbett sings.

Goodyear Program, with Revelers' Quartet and succession of grand soloists including Grace Moore.

James Wallington, announcer. David Mendoza, both band and orchestra. Technicians' names withheld (*please* Mr. Aylesworth!). Sponsored by Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. 4 minutes, 45 seconds of advertising. Remaining time notable for quality of music. N.B.C. WEAF network. 9:00–9:30 P.M. (E.S.T.) every Wednesday. This is the revamped summer program. Thoroughly satisfactory radio fare.

Like all products offered by their estimable sponsors, these two programs are filled with a certain amount of air. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr. pumps importantly on "The Romance of Rubber," which is exactly as interesting as you would imagine it to be. Goodyear, not to be outdone in originality, has so far offered a prize contest. These two programs are unusual only by reason of their magnificent talent. Their sponsors have shown exceptional judgment in the selection they have made from the many Big Names on the market.

The Old Maestro

Ben Bernie and his Blue Ribbon Malt Orchestra, with Ben Bernie.

Ben Bernie (sometimes assisted by Harlow Wilcox) announcer. Ben Bernie directing Ben Bernie's orchestra. Continuity by Ben Bernie and Harold Weiler. Bernie, production. Bernie, floor director. Russell Thompson, technical details. Sponsored for Ben Bernie by the manufacturers of Blue Ribbon Malt. 3 minutes, 20 seconds advertising by Ben Bernie and guest announcer. Remaining time devoted to approximately seven quarter-minute periods of Ben Bernie talking about Ben Bernie and making you like it. One of the best beer-hall dance orchestras east of the Rhine Valley. C.B.S. 9:00–9:30 (E.S.T.) every Tuesday night. This impertinent program should make your summer less arid.

Ben Bernie is an outrageous exhibitionist and log-roller and is also one of our six or seven most gifted dance orchestra leaders. He is impossible. He shows no respect whatsoever for the sponsor. He attempts fearful and wonderful witticisms about the worthy product he is paid to advertise. And his orchestra, when he draws breath long enough for the musicians to swing into action, does things to your feet.

The trouble with Mr. Bernie is that he is too facile. His program is confoundedly clever and original and he knows it, and does not take the time or effort or thought to develop its full possibilities. His is one of the very few radio acts of to-day which is audacious enough, and disrespectful enough, to act as a slight antidote and vermifuge for the outpourings of stodgy commercialisms and hypocritical platitudes.

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. Under no consideration will any letter be returned.

The Bromidic Wets

To the Editor:

In the May Rostrum you printed a letter from Cecil Daniel Smith taking you to task for your bias toward the wet side. Your editorial footnote to that comment stated that most of the dry articles submitted to you are too often the stereotyped opinions of the Anti-Saloon League and the Board of Temperance and as such are unworthy of inclusion in THE FORUM.

Now it is true that you have published some good dry articles and some wet ones of varying quality (for instance, Sally Martyn's piece). And it is also true that practically all the arguments for the dry cause are diligently disseminated through the nation by the leading dry agencies you mention. But the same thing holds against the wets. What is Dr. Hibben's paper in your April issue but a rehashing of the same old wet arguments that the Association Against Prohibition has put out? Here they are: — prohibition fails to prohibit, instead of saloons we have speakeasies and rackets, boys and girls drink, public opinion opposed to prohibition, popular referendum, *etc.* I think there has been a considerable degree of stereotyped opinion on the part of your wet contributors.

I do hold that you should balance up your discussion of prohibition a little better, and there are drys who are eminently able to uphold their cause. And on the wet side, get some writers who can show us wherein their proposals and criticisms will guarantee that the saloon will not be back with us. We know enough about the faults of prohibition. But we do have the right to claim that nothing better has yet come to light, and we would be idiots to give up what we have until a forward step is indicated.

GEORGE E. WILLIAMS

Murfreesboro, Ark.

Prohibition — A Neurosis

To the Editor:

Prohibition is not a moral issue, as Dr. Hibben would have it, but an emotional dilemma. The dry movement has been clearly revealed as the product of rural emotionalism, stimulated by the clergy and depending upon the frustration and envy of village life for votes and power. It has been set forth by men who know better, including at least one man in high office, as a reasoned economic reform conceived and financed by wise industrialists who combined business acumen with patriotism. But the influence of such men is small beside the membership of the Anti-Saloon League, the W. T. C. U., and the other pressure groups.

No marshaling of figures such as Dr. Hibben presents is effective in convincing the drys. Facts and figures, even staggering government deficits, do not weigh with them, for they are gripped by neurosis. In many instances where religious concepts are not present, the issue is one between the individual frustrate and what he conceives to be a voluptuous hedonism.

Most regrettable of all, because most intransigent, is the irrevocable position of the evangelical churches. They have staked everything upon prohibition, and it has failed them. They dare not draw back, they dare not compromise, for they face a shattered prestige. The psychology of the drys is now defeatist, and to save their faces they will fight like lost men, bitterly and venomously.

RANDALL E. RILEY

Leonia, N. J.

Due Credit

To the Editor:

After much sneering criticism of radio broadcasting, it was a real pleasure to read Darwin L. Teilhet's article, "What America Listens To," in the May FORUM, in which he urges the development of intelligent and honest critics in the radio field and gives a fair exposition of several of the national programs to point the way. His statement that "the art of broadcasting is entirely too important to be ignored or squelched by derogatory attacks" needs emphasizing. When one has at finger-tip control symphony orchestras, grand opera straight from the Metropolitan stage, many excellent "pop" concerts, and by the mere turn of a dial may invite into one's home such guests as Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, and many others from the Pope to the Prince of Wales, it is invidious to arraign too severely the blah with which these treats are perhaps necessarily interspersed. After all, as Mr. Teilhet points out, one need not listen; one can always go to bed.

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FREQUENTLY, people put off wearing bifocals because they have heard they are hard to get used to. These new Ful-Vue Bifocals are a great improvement in this respect. You don't see double—things don't jump.

So, don't skimp on eyesight. Before you get your Ful-Vues, by all means have a thorough examination of your eyes. For this vital service, go, of course, to a man of training, experience, and highest skill.

Remember, no other face is just like yours. The man who helps you select your glasses should have experience in studying facial contours. Seek out in your community the man who knows. Ask him about Ful-Vue Bifocals.

We have prepared an illustrated booklet, "What You Should Know About Your Glasses." It costs you nothing—may help you much. Mail the coupon.

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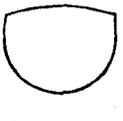

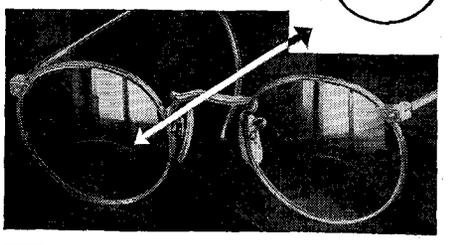

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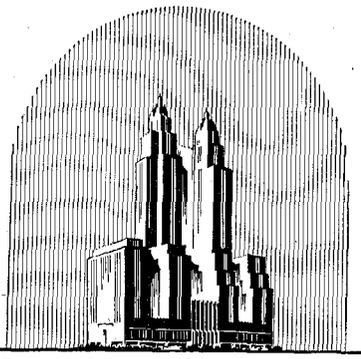

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FIRST CLASS as low as . . $156
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Our Rostrum

I am not arguing that improvement in radio programs is not needed or desirable, but in view of the fact that radio entertainment — like the movies — is a commodity that depends for its profits on pleasing the masses, it cannot afford to rise much above the lowest common denominator of intelligence and taste. Let us be thankful for the fine things that radio brings us, and when a canvass of the dial brings forth only potboilers we can take refuge in a book.

JULIA HEYL COLQUITT
Washington, D. C.

The Trend in Germany

To the Editor:

The probability of a war between a Hitler-ruled Germany and Russia that Leon Trotsky sees (April FORUM) is very, very small, and the whole idea almost fantastic. To compare Italian Fascism with Germany's National Socialism in their relation to Marxism is wrong, because the basic conditions in the two countries are quite different. Germany is much more an industrial country than Italy. The workers' parties, whatever their names be, will always comprise about one-third of all voters, and they cannot possibly be suppressed for any considerable length of time (see the year 1918!). The less so as the employees in the banks, factory offices, stores, and even government officials have nowadays for the greater part anti-capitalistic ideas.

This fact is really the most important item overlooked by Trotsky or unknown to him, as it is unknown also to most Americans. Anyone who is familiar with the mentality of the so-called middle classes in Germany knows that a huge and still increasing majority of the nation is ready to do away with private ownership of bank, power, and other trusts. This brings most of the middle class people into line with the working class — and makes it more than unlikely that there will be a "civil war," a friendship with France or Poland (even less liked in Germany than France), to say nothing of a war against the anti-capitalistic Russia.

It may be that Hitler with his one-third of all German voters (he'll never get much more than that!) will temporarily come into power — but he'll neither "crush the working class" nor make "a military intervention in the Soviet Union." He will, however, soon lose at least half of his followers, because there has never been a more heterogeneous party than his, made up of disappointed property owners and renters, and disappointed employees demanding higher salaries as well as employers desiring further cuts in salaries.

DR. E. TROJE
Breslau, Germany

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Our Rostrum

Sensation Seekers

To the Editor:

After painting a lurid picture of modern youth dancing around the brink of overt immorality ("The Puritan Still Walks," April FORUM), Mr. Preston decries the obviously stifling effect such voluptuous orgies must have upon real love, to say nothing of the resultant undoing of marriage as a meaningful and attractive state. His logic, refreshingly sound here, assumes a deathly pale in his implied solution of the problem. If jazzing around on the springboard of moral abandon forms callouses on spiritual sensibilities, is there any evidence that a headlong plunge would be simply a delightful dream wherein you awake with your finer sensibilities in better shape than ever?

He assigns two main causes for the present situation. Through a kind of mock liberty the young people thought to ape the full freedom imagined of them by novelists. Also they have an aversion for appearing queer and prudish. It seems strange, however, that a condition no deeper rooted than this is to be improved by the young peoples' conduct becoming so changed as to lend a full degree of accuracy to the novelists' misrepresentations.

W. L. BUTLER

Keene, Texas

No Labor Party — Now

To the Editor:

Perhaps never before has the average man been less bound by party ties, and more united for the good of the nation and that of the world at large, as at present. Consequently Paul Hutchinson's cry, "We Need a Labor Party — Now!" strikes me as being out of tune with the times. Labor and capital at war can result in nothing but economic ruin, and of that we have enough already. Rather than setting up new cliques and factions, we need a further melding of voters into a weapon to be used for our common good.

ELLA B. SMITH

Auburndale, Mass.

Dean Gildersleeve Objects

To the Editor:

I have just read Mr. Ballinger's "Spinster Factories," in the May FORUM, with much perplexity. Where and when can Mr. Ballinger have acquired his strange impressions of women's colleges? I hereby extend to him a cordial invitation to visit Barnard, where he will be surprised to find accepted as commonplace, and actually in practice, many of the ideas which he seems to consider so revolutionary.

But we have not yet started a marriage bureau.

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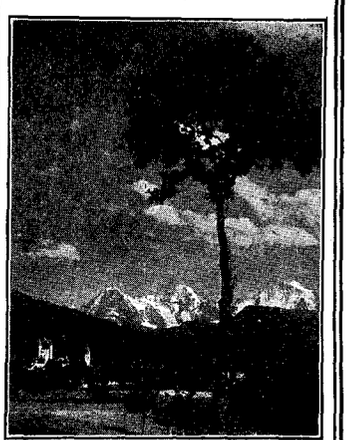

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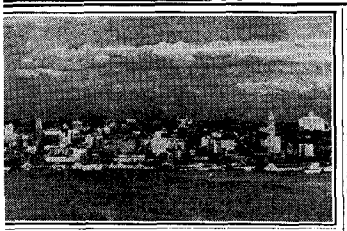

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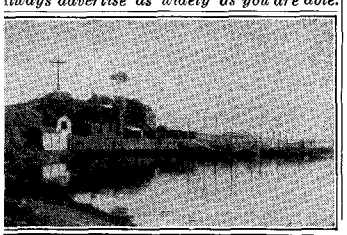

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Our Rostrum

A College Spinster Answers

To the Editor:

Some of Mr. Ballinger's observations regarding women's colleges differ from mine, and I imagine I have had at least as favorable an opportunity to look over the field, since I have studied at four of them.

Let me say at once that I have never known any girl to be influenced against marriage by any teacher. Indeed, it is impossible for me to conceive of a girl being influenced by any extremely unattractive woman (such as Mr. Ballinger's exhibits) except negatively. Looking too long at people too weird is wearing on the nerves.

Of course, I agree that (a) some college girls, and (b) many college teachers range from plain to hideous. All right; what of it? If the fact is of any significance whatever, then here's another worthy of equal regard: no fright I ever saw in college was as bad as some of the horrors I or any observant adult can point out among the successfully married. When my brother visited me in college and I took him to chapel, he stared around him incredulously and muttered, "Oh, *God!* If only I could cartoon!" But I can echo that reflection at most married-set bridge parties.

Mr. Ballinger states — and I, a spinster agree — that the average woman is better off married; even if the often quoted divorce statistics might seem to suggest that many married women don't hold that view. But Mr. Ballinger implies further that no spinster is happy. Now isn't it dangerous to generalize so dogmatically — especially when a survey of the block in which I live will reveal to the unprejudiced eye four violently unhappy matrons, three who "get along," two who are absolutely contented, and three widows who appear to be the most serene of the lot? This indicates that some of the poor spinsters whose virginity Mr. Ballinger bewails might not have been so ecstatically happy in marriage. Isn't it rather childish to assume that happiness resides in any condition?

What does the woman who went through college and didn't marry think about it now? Well, here is one point of view. I have often deemed it a pity that I never married; I have thought that I should have thus led a fuller, better-rounded, and consequently happier life. But I cannot prove this; and I am inclined to believe that the fact that no man ever gave me a thought is pretty good evidence that I should have been a poor matrimonial bet even if I had never gone beyond the fourth grade.

In fantasy, I romanticize myself in marriage; in fact, I have never seen one married person, man or woman, with whom I would change places one week. I know my faults and limitations, and it is a matter of shame to me now that when I was younger I took pride in shirking scholarship, hard work, and other unrelated virtues. But I can assure all and sundry that what little education I did get did not hurt me or make me any more unattractive than I was to start with, or impair my chances for matrimony; on the contrary, ludicrous as it may seem, it resulted in making me aware of great pleasure and satisfaction in being myself. An intensive training in bridge, make-up, and costuming — which, by the way, was easily available in my undergraduate days — could hardly have done as much.

I don't often offer advice that is not asked for, but this once I'm going to break my rule. I think Mr. Ballinger would do well to find out what his daughter would like and could profit from; in other words, to make sure of what she is (or would be) really like, and prescribe accordingly. College might prove not an absolutely barren experience for her. I still cling to the theory that a little general education, a *few* general ideas, have never hurt anyone.

ANONYMOUS

——, N. Y.

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DOWNTOWN

Balancing the National Budget

***by* DONALD REA HANSON**

NATIONAL budgets are not new to this country. Eleven years ago this month, President Harding signed the bill establishing the budget system in the United States. But not until this year has the country become seriously budget-conscious. Congress has been striving for the better part of the past three months to devise a budget that will balance for the fiscal year which begins July 1. During the first year of the depression, the fiscal year ended June 30, 1931, the Government was content to coast along without serious effort to revise taxes upwards or expenditures downwards in an effort to balance the budget. A deficit of $900,000,000 incurred by the Treasury that year was complacently regarded as important, but not particularly serious. Then, when it became evident that the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932 was likely to roll up an additional deficit of $2,500,000,000, and there were unmistakable indications that the credit of the Government was in jeopardy, Congress settled down to a serious consideration of ways and means to make income and outgo balance. The problem in hand was to meet a probable deficit of about $1,250,000,000 between expenditures and receipts in the fiscal year 1933. And that stands as the most important obligation the present Congress has had to fulfill.

After the budget system had been established, the Government faced no important difficulties at first in balancing the budget. The country was prosperous. Income taxes yielded generous returns, and for nine years total receipts ran easily in excess of revenues, enabling the Treasury in the meanwhile to redeem some $10,000,000,000 of outstanding securities comprising the national debt. This depression brought with it a new experience. Budgets must balance in foul weather as well as in fair. Income taxes are notoriously prince or pauper in their yields, and the past two years have been very lean periods in this respect. Estate taxes were affected by the decreased value of estates, due to the slump in security and realty valuations. Meanwhile, expenditures continued to soar, spurred along by the depression. Large appropriations were made for public works to maintain employment, heavy outlays of government funds were made in a futile attempt to support prices of agricultural products, receipts from war debts were cut off by the moratorium, and so on. For a time it was felt that the country could well afford

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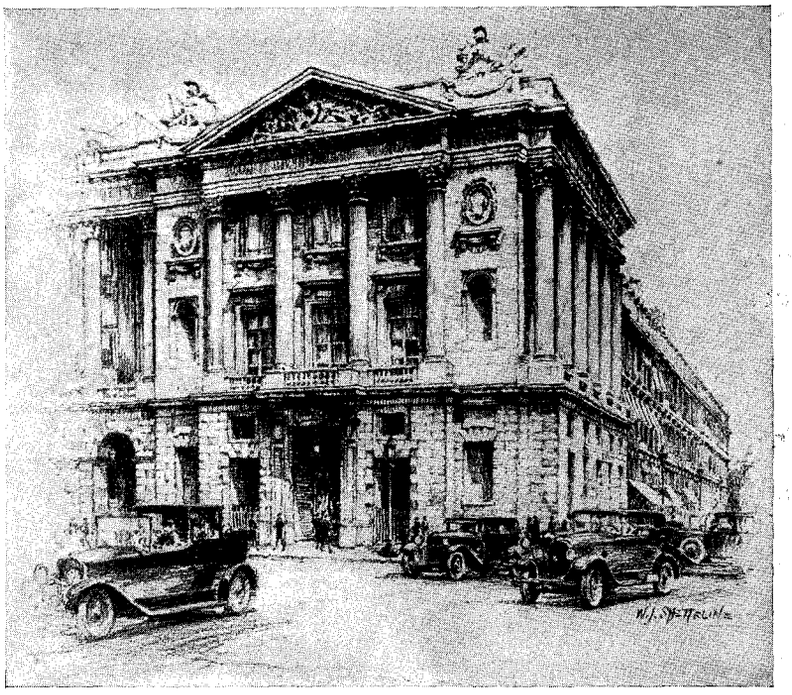
to forego either economy of expenditure or increased taxation, by borrowing to make up the deficits. But the experience of the past year proved the error of this assumption. The market for long-term Government bond issues fell flat. Foreign creditors began to have misgivings about our credit standing. There was serious discussion as to whether or not we could stay on a gold basis. Foreign investors having securities here and foreigners having deposits here began to withdraw them. A financial crisis resulted, and at last the country began to see the connection between budgets and finance and the welfare of the individual.

SOLVING OUR PROBLEMS

NEVERTHELESS, there are those, some of them members of Congress, who ask: Why should we balance the budget? The answer is that otherwise we court inflation. To this the retort is likely to be: Let us have inflation; anything is preferable to this deflation. But is it? After the Civil War we faced a somewhat similar issue. Congress thought the country's salvation lay in the issuance of legal tender money, or simply using the printing press to print money. The greenback era will long be remembered as a period of economic prostration in this country that offers the only close historic parallel to the depression existing to-day. Not until the paper currency was eliminated and specie payments were resumed in 1879 did business improve, and that was after six years of terrific depression. Sound business did not materialize until we had sound money.

To-day the technique is somewhat different. The inflationists would have the Government coast along without attempting to balance the budget. Any deficit would be met by issues of United States Government bonds. When business improves, they argue, it will be time enough to consider reducing the national debt. The answer is that business will probably not improve.

Unless an issue of fiat currency is contemplated, Treasury deficits, under such a scheme, would have to be financed by new security issues. Such a movement is not going to encourage the conservative investor to buy United States Government long-term bonds. The buyer expects to be reimbursed for money he lends to the Government and not to be put off indefinitely. If short-term issues are put out, the banks will have to take them. This is not a situation likely to increase confidence in the banks. Just recently we have seen that heavy withdrawals from banks and large numbers of bank failures are not good for business. To the extent that bank credit is inflated and Federal Reserve Banks are obliged to rediscount bank loans, the currency is inflated. The



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first effect is likely to cause a temporary rise in commodity prices and in equities. But merely rising prices are not necessarily an indication of financial solidarity, nor will they necessarily increase the demand for those goods which are being produced in larger quantities than markets can consume. Just now this country is a creditor nation. It has debts owing it in dollars which are far greater than the debts it owes in dollars or foreign currencies. Any such tendency toward inflation, which really means a departure from the gold standard, will inevitably cause a flight of capital away from this country. Most foreigners with deposits or securities in this country will withdraw them. By no manner of reasoning can this be considered healthy for domestic markets or for American foreign trade.

MAINTAINING OUR CREDIT

OBVIOUSLY the only way out of the present depression is by way of the sound money route. A high credit standing for the United States Government is the backbone of American business. The only way in which to maintain that high credit standing is to meet scrupulously all of our obligations, and the most important obligation is that we shall balance the budget. This is the principle adopted by the responsible leaders of American Government and undoubtedly will continue to be so, despite the objections of those whom the burden of taxation or the economy of expenditure hits hard.

What has hurt business most and depressed securities accordingly this year has been the method pursued by Congress in its effort to balance the budget. More emphasis has been laid upon additional revenue than upon the necessity for economy. If Federal Government expenditures were merely reduced to the level of those actually made in the prosperous year 1927, more than half the amount needed to balance the 1933 budget would be available. Expenditures in this fiscal year are 63 per cent greater than in 1927. Instead of spreading the tax over the broadest base possible, as would have been the case with the sales tax, the guiding principle has been to soak the rich, utterly disregarding the loophole for escape from confiscatory taxes on the rich through investment in tax-exempt bonds. Another loophole for escape is afforded those of nominal income through exemption from income tax. The tendency to formulate a revenue bill on the basis of political favor, rather than on economic grounds, is unfortunate. It is more or less inevitable in our form of government. But the prime essential is that the budget shall balance, whether or not the tax basis is sound. Failure to do so will merely aggravate our existing problems.

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

A CHAIN OF SERVICE. A booklet describing and illustrating the history and development of the Associated Gas and Electric System. Copy upon request. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

INVESTMENT TALKS BY THE OLD COUNSELLOR. A booklet containing the talks given over the radio on investment plans for individuals, including such subjects as "Accumulation," "Fundamentals of Investment," "Diversification," "Selecting Bonds," etc. Halsey, Stuart & Company, 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION. A description of the history and development of the corporation, location of properties, and the financial statements of the holding company and its subsidiaries. Copy upon request. Pacific Lighting Corp., 433 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN. A 24-page illustrated booklet which tells how you can retire at 55, 60, or 65 with a guaranteed life income of $100 a month, $200 a month, or more. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., 694 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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